Vol. CXXXIII.
No. 1731.

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[THE BYSTANDER,
FEBRUARY 17, 1937.

The BYSTANDER

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MAJOR C. VAN DER BYL, Wappenham, Towcester

The Bystander, February 17, 1937 No. 1731. Vol. CXXXIII.

The Bystander

Clark Gable and Joan Crawford in "Love on the Run"

Love has been on the run for a fortnight at the Empire, where it gives way on Friday to Herbert Wilcox's *This 'll Make You Whistle*. It 's the sort of film that Hollywood turns out without turning a hair (or much brain), falling between three stools of love story, spy story and wise-cracker. All the more credit to the three leads who throw themselves with gusto into the business of beating up, à l'Américaine, such European institutions as British telephones and taxi-cab-drivers or the French gendarmerie. They even penetrate wittily into the Fontainebleau suite of Mme. de Maintenon (pr. as in Maine). The third lead is Franchot Tone, Joan Crawford's husband, and the director is W. S. Van Dyke, who made *The Thin Man* and *San Francisco*. Gable made a big hit in the latter recently; Joan Crawford's latest was also a success, *The Gorgeous Hussy*, and their respective future plans are: he—playing the name-part in the film of *Parnell* (a masterpiece of miscasting) with Myrna Loy as Mrs. Katie O'Shea; she—making the film of *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*, with William Powell and Robert Montgomery. Gable is unmarried at the moment, nor (to quote M.-G.-M.'s phrase) is his name being mentioned romantically in connection with anyone

Going to the Royal Christening

Queen Mary and the Duchess of Gloucester were just leaving the Duke and Duchess of Kent's house in Belgrave Square to go to Buckingham Palace for little Princess Alexandra's christening. The baby was named Alexandra Helen Elizabeth Olga Christabel, with the Archbishop of Canterbury officiating. The night before, Queen Mary and the Duchess of Gloucester had been together to the Criterion to see *French Without Tears*

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE secret is out. The long-expected statement has been made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The colossal re-armament programme is going to be financed by a £400-million loan. I happened to be in the Gallery of the House of Commons when Mr. Chamberlain quietly read his momentous statement. The House, which for once was crowded, seemed awed and stunned by the magnitude of the sum. Only a couple of days before Mr. Duff Cooper had been engaged in getting a bill through to raise the strength of the A-reserve from 3000 men to 6000, which had seemed to be rather ridiculous in face of the armed millions of Europe. It looked as if the Government was trifling. To-day it looked very much the reverse. This statement of Mr. Chancellor will make Europe sit up and, if it still can, think.

RE-ARMAMENT will have a permanent effect on the world; its immediate effect on the individual is beginning to filter down through the channels of trade and industry. For the first time for many years there is a shortage of skilled workers in almost every trade. Repairs to saucepans and kettles take longer than they used to; electricians are harder to come by; motor-cars are not ready for delivery so promptly as they used to be; and this sort of thing is only a beginning. The world shortage of steel has only just reached the manufacturers. It will reach us all soon. So will the cost of re-armament. Especially when we start to find the interest on Mr. Chamberlain's loan.

BEFORE Mr. Chamberlain's statement filled the benches on Thursday, a situation had arisen in the House of Commons which is causing a good deal of misgiving among thoughtful students of current affairs. As everyone knows, the cause of democracy is fighting all through the world with its backs to the wall. The system of free parliamentary government has got to prove itself capable of holding its own in efficiency with the dictatorships, or else people will cease to believe in it altogether. Now in the three weeks that this session of Parliament has lasted, the average attendance of members at the debates had been about forty. It certainly had not been as high as fifty. Often it had been as low as twelve or fourteen.

THERE are six hundred and fifteen members in the House, so an average of five hundred and seventy are not sufficiently interested to turn up and do the job for which they have been elected. This is a very serious state of affairs. If the members themselves are so bored with parliamentary government, what is the rest of the country to think? Night after night the dreary debates meander along to empty benches. Night after night a somnolent handful repeat each other's arguments. Experienced observers say that they have never seen such a dead House as this.

The Under-Secretary for the Dominions Returns from Australia

Lord and Lady Hartington were met at Victoria by his parents, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and by his two small daughters, Lady Anne and Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, and photographed with the latter. He was made Parliamentary Under-Secretary for the Dominions last year and has sat for Derbyshire West since 1923

Fayer of Vienna

The New Lord Steward

The Duke of Sutherland's resignation of the office of Lord Steward of his Majesty's Household was announced last week: his successor will be the forty-year-old eighth Duke of Buccleuch, who succeeded to the title on his father's death in 1935

THE Government did not come very well out of the Lansdowne House incident, mainly, if not entirely, because its spokesman refused point-blank to give any information. The Labour Party wanted to know what rent the Government was paying for the "luxury flats" which are to be used as offices. The moment Mr. R. S. Hudson refused to say, the Socialists jumped to the conclusion, or pretended to jump to the conclusion, that a grave piece of corruption was afoot. The Liberals joined in the hunt, but Mr. Hudson was adamant, and the Opposition was left with no information, but an excellent platform point.

MR. A. P. HERBERT'S Marriage Bill has advanced another stage on its laborious journey towards the Statute Book by passing through the Standing Committee of the House. It has been altered a certain amount, and incurable drunkenness and commuted death-sentences have been cut out as causes for divorce. But on the whole, I fancy Mr. Herbert is not dissatisfied with his progress. It comes up for its third reading in April, and then, presumably, has to face the Lords.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has unmasked his batteries and the whole world can now see on what target his heavy guns are laid. The "nine old men" of the Supreme Court of Justice are precisely in the line of fire. The issue is of fundamental importance to the United States. If the President succeeds in getting his Judiciary Reorganisation Bill through, he will be able to go back to his New Deal and his sweeping measures of Social Reform with the certainty of success. The opposition is already hysterical with rage, and the efforts of propaganda to prevent the passage of the Bill, or at any rate to amend it, drastically, are certain to be on the American scale of

A Guinea for a Lacerated Pancake

N. Jawdat, of Busby's House, Modern Five, secured most pancake after a three-minute scrummage at Westminster on Shrove Tuesday. He was presented with the traditional prize of a guinea—in gold and silver—by the Dean of Westminster, Dr. Foxley Norris, in the presence of the Headmaster, Dr. Costley White, and the chef, Mr. John Angel; the latter had previously succeeded in tossing the pancake over the 16-ft. high bar at the first shot. Jawdat is the son of Ali Jawdat Bey, Iraquian Minister in London

prodigiousness. The nine old men themselves have three courses open to them. They can sit tight, and trust to their friends' success in tugging the battery out of the way; or they can heroically do the Casabianca stuff and be shot to pieces at their post; or they can skip for safety and resign. I fancy they will choose number one and get number two.

LAST week's bulletin on this page from the Demolition Front reported the imminent destruction of Sir Joshua Reynold's house in Leicester Square. This week it is All Hallows' Church, Lombard Street, which is to be knocked down on the petition of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The site is to be sold to some financial company or other, and a new church will be built with the proceeds somewhere in the suburbs.

All Hallows is a Wren church, and it is the fifteenth Wren to be destroyed in the last seventy years. As the *Manchester Guardian* wisely and wittily says: "Another church is to be driven out of the money-changes, but this time it is not the money-changers who are driving it out." Sir John Squire summed up the whole horrid situation in his *Ballad of the City Churches*, years ago. One of the choruses was—

> But our Mother the Church has found of late
> That to speculate
> In real estate
> Brings money along at a quicker rate
> Than passing around the bag.
> So she 's finding the capital value out
> Of St. John's Within and St. Jude's Without,
> And the churches will all go up the spout
> And Balham will get the swag.

A GREAT deal of political capital is going to be made in the very near future—at the L.C.C. elections, in fact—out of Mr. Hore-Belisha's refusal to pay three-quarters of a million pounds of the nation's money towards the cost of the new Waterloo Bridge. "Another injustice to the Socialist party" will be the cry. But the facts still remain that Parliament voted against the destruction of Rennie's lovely bridge, that Mr. Herbert Morrison instantly destroyed it, that he then came hat in hand to Parliament for cash with which to replace it, and that he is now whining angrily because the Government very naturally, and rightly, declines to do any such thing.

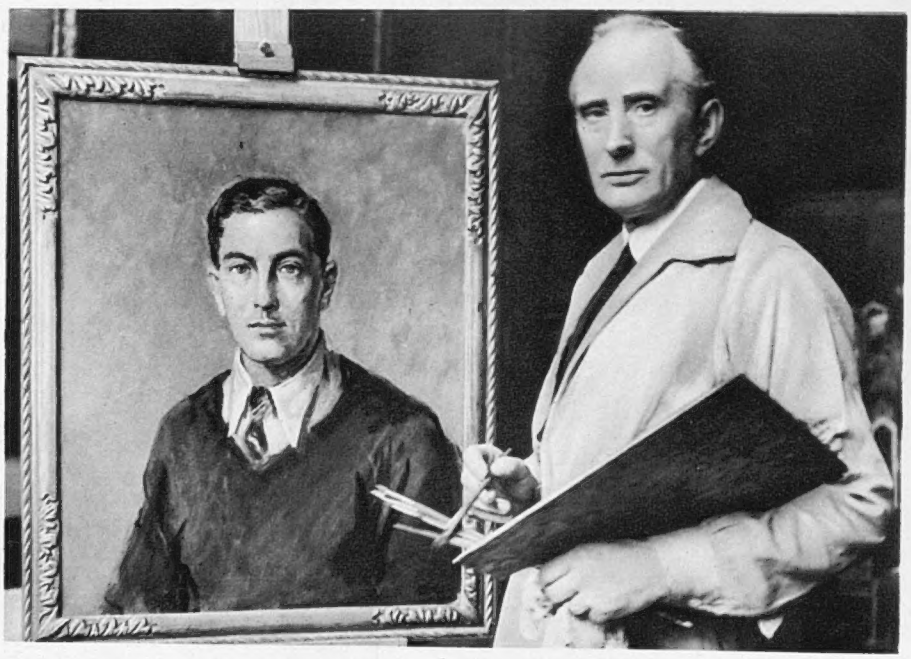
MR. JUSTICE HAWKE, one of the urbanest of our judges, has been called upon to solve the intricate question whether or not an insect discovered in a bed in a Liverpool hotel should be described as a "resident in the hotel." After giving the matter long and careful attention, the learned judge decided that it was a non-resident guest. "No one has seen his father or mother—and if he is not an only child—his brothers and sisters." Judgment for the hotel company with costs.

THE freakish state of the West End theatre in London is beautifully illustrated by the production of Shaw's *Candida* at the Globe. This is one of the most important plays of Britain's most famous dramatist. It contains some of the finest of contemporary dramatic writing. But, until a few days ago it had never been put on for a run in the West End. And it required the personality and glamour of an American film-actress to make even this production possible. "Critics whose judgment I respect," in the classic phrase, tell me that Miss Ann Harding is magnificent in it.

MR. WILLIAM BROWNLOW, who has succeeded his father as Lord Lurgan, might have been, almost certainly would have been, Britain's leading amateur golfer if his health had been better. Also he has had the extraordinary notion, like Sir Ernest Holderness, of preferring his professional careers to a game. The new Lord Lurgan is a very fine singer, and not long ago made his first appearance on the concert platform in New York.

THE wheel of chance takes the oddest turns. The Italian Fascist Cabinet has decided that no one in future may grow castor-oil plants unless he has a signed contract with an industrialist who will buy the produce. This is officially called "disciplining" the producers of castor-oil. Some of us remember a time, in early Fascist days, when "disciplining" and castor-oil were more closely connected with compulsory consumption than with production.

THE floral situation in London is very confusing to the amateur. Crocuses, yellow, white, and purple, are beginning to make a show in St. James's Park. But in St. James's Square, where last year there was a wonderful early show, there is hardly a glimpse of colour. The flower shops are all reporting an unprecedented rush of spring flowers. There has hardly been a real frost all winter. Prices, however, do not seem to fall.



Henry Cotton, by Frank Beresford

This picture was taken at Frank Beresford's St. John's Wood studio, where he is putting the finishing touches to his portrait of the great English golf coach. He studied his subject originally while playing a round at the Waterloo course in Belgium, before Cotton returned thence to Ashridge

Miss Dorothea Lyle

Photographs by
Fayer of Vienna

Lieutenant Viscount Kelburn, R.N.

A Scottish Engagement

Lord Kelburn is the elder son of the Earl and Countess of Glasgow and will be twenty-seven this year; he went into the Navy from Eton and was promoted Lieutenant in 1934. Both his father and grandfather were sailors; Lord Glasgow retired as Captain after the War, with a mention in despatches and a D.S.O. Miss Dorothea Lyle is the only daughter of Sir Archibald and Lady Lyle, of Glendelvine, Perthshire, and is twenty-four this year. Her father succeeded as second Baronet in 1934; her grandfather, the first Baronet, was Chairman of the Lyle Shipping Company. Lady Lyle is the eldest daughter of Sir James de Hoghton; her father owns Hoghton Tower, Lancashire, which has belonged to his family since the twelfth century

Miss Rosamund Broughton and Mr. John Neville

Had supper together at the Café de Paris one evening last week. Rosamund Broughton is Sir Delves and Lady Broughton's only daughter, and was one of last season's most attractive debutantes

Lord and Lady Morris and Their Daughters

Lord and Lady Morris' baby was christened at Brompton Oratory, and is called Clodagh Mary. Her elder sister, Aislinn Mary Katharine, will be three this year. Lord Morris succeeded as second baron in 1935; his wife was Jean Maitland-Makgill-Crichton

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

A Cresta Hero

MAYFAIR will soon be empty if people persist in pouring over to the U.S.A. in droves as they are doing at present. We hoped that Mr. Billy Fiske would have stayed longer in London, but he was only here for forty-eight hours before he sailed in the Europa. He has many friends here who would have liked to congratulate the Cresta hero on his latest exploit.

Lady Abingdon, tall, dark and handsome, sailed in the same boat; also Mr. and Mrs. de Winton Wills, Mr. Roger Harvey, and Captain Guy Horton, who has gone over to settle up his father's estates.

Not Enough!

AN enormous game of general post is taking place in London this season. A house that you are accustomed to becomes a veritable white elephant when rich foreigners lurk homeless in the offing, and owners are willing to dispatch themselves to the country or outer suburbs.

Some Americans seem to us to be very "choosey." The "Patsy" Richardsons thought they had let their lovely Regent's Park house for Coronation month to a couple of young couples. Now they hear that twelve bedrooms and five bathrooms are not considered enough for four young Americans!

Ardent Anglo-Americans

A DISCUSSION on house-letting arose last Sunday at the Rupert Byasses down at Windsor, and Mrs. Byass spoke of the innumerable offers that they had for the Manor Farm House for Ascot last year. It is ideally situated for the garden-party race week, being five minutes from the course and only forty more from London.

Lady Phyllis Allen and Lady Warwick were week-ending down there, and as they are both ardent Anglo-Americans, most of the conversation had a New Yorkish-cum-Californian flavour.

Sailing on the Queen Mary

AFTER motoring through the floods of Buckinghamshire in a car—which, if it stopped, stopped for good—dinner at the Simon Marks' lovely Kensington house afterwards was an even pleasanter experience than usual.

They are taking their debutante daughter on a three-months' trip to New York and California, sailing on the Queen Mary on Wednesday this week.

A Party With a Purpose

MR. PETER KOCH DE GOOREYND gave a cocktail-party ("reception" would be a better word) on Tuesday last at the Waldorf, to launch an extraordinary discovery which means a revolution in the optical world.

We cannot describe the technicalities to you, but we gathered that unbreakable lenses costing much less money are to be one result. Even the poorest people will have the right spectacles. The powers-that-be in charge of Defence Forces show intense interest. Schools and laboratories will be better equipped and an opportunity for mass employment is opened up.

Music and Mechanics

IT all seemed a very good reason for Mr. Koch de Gooreynd, as the chairman and managing director, to give a party. He is a young Englishman of Belgian descent, was born at Château de Gooreynd, near Antwerp, went to Eton and Christchurch, and has always had two great hobbies—mechanics and music. A famous music publishing firm being the result of the latter hobby. He and his wife live at Yew Place, Farnham Royal, and have lately leased Lady Mary Herbert's house in Montagu Square.

At the Waldorf party we found numerous scientists who came to be convinced, and were; Mr. Michael Balcon, of Metro-Goldwyn fame, registering awareness of its film possibilities; and Mr. Jacques Spira, the eminent Belgian physician was among the well-known members representing the medical profession.

An Appreciative Air

THE very tall, very good-looking Iain Murrys arrived together, also the Hugh Leveson-Gowers, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks, the former much missed theatrically as Joan Barry.

Mr. Frederick Chiltern, a new-to-London photographer of the Beaton-esque school, examined camera lenses with an appreciative air; while Miss Mollie Bishop, sketching her hostess in a corner, was the prettiest girl at a party that was much more serious and far more interesting than most of the six o'clock events we go to.

Sudden Journey

LADY PLUNKET, Lord Donegall, and Mr. Jim Lawrence are among those visiting St. Moritz for the second time this season. Lady Moira Forbes also says she is going back soon.

When she and Mrs. Lawrence left two weeks ago they were seen off by Count Rossi, and they persuaded him, hatless, coatless and momentarily penniless, to accompany them as far as Samaden and then on to Croix.

Captain and Mrs. Cotterell

Captain Leonard Evelyn Cotterell and Nancy, Countess of Darnley, were married at Caxton Hall Register Office. Mrs. Cotterell was Nancy Kidston before her first marriage to the Earl of Darnley in 1923

Mr. Peter Oldfield and Lady Elisabeth Murray

Peter Oldfield and Lady Elisabeth Murray announced their engagement last week. She is the youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dunmore, and he is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Oldfield, of Moor Hill, Harewood, Yorks. He has a job as estate agent, is a good point-to-point rider

By some miracle he found that his passport was in his pocket and decided to continue the journey to London, where, on arrival, he had to buy an entire new outfit.

We used to admire a particularly grand overcoat made of racoon which he wore up at Corviglia, and hope it 's still safe wherever it is.

No Slow-down

At Mürren, we hear, there has been no "after-the-holidays" slow-down. The place is so full that there 's not a bed to be had in any of the eleven hotels. Young Lord and Lady Carlow, who have been spending part of their honeymoon here, are just leaving for St. Moritz; while the rumoured approach of the Maharaja of Indore has created considerable excitement.

It was good to see Lord Lytton, most loyal and beloved of Mürren patrons, back again. He arrived, as usual, on time to judge the competitors for the skating cup which bears his name, and which this year went to Miss Pamela Stephany.

Escape from Decorating

Lord Lytton's lively niece, Linnet Lafone, is out, too, having temporarily escaped from her interior decorating business in London. Before leaving she completed the last of the six flats which she has been "doing over" for the Coronation.

Boarding the "Bubble" (Mürrenese for "funicular") were Margaret, Lady Forteviot's daughter, young Mrs. Hugh Dewhurst, and her husband. As Irene Dewar she was one of Perthshire's most popular girls. Now she has two strapping sons and spends most of the year in London.

The Lord's Salad

At lunch at Scheidegg someone was just going to help themselves liberally to a particularly succulent lettuce salad when a horrified waitress rushed up and removed the dish, saying in fluent English: "No, no—you cannot have that—it is the Lord's salad!" The Lord, it transpired, was the Duke of Bedford's sky-blue, ski-trousered grandson, Lord Howland, who was recovering from the somewhat unnerving ordeal of being lost for several hours in a blizzard. However, he appeared to be little the worse for the experience.

A Marvellous Chance

As well as being interesting to the onlookers, the Amateur Hour at the San Marco offers a marvellous chance to the would-be artiste—a fact we fully realised when we saw Mr. Michael Balcon dining there that night.

As the new producer-in-chief of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and with an impressive Hollywood reputation behind him, we realised just what his presence there that night might mean to the silk-cutter, hairdresser, and gown manufacturers' assistant who were making a bold bid for a new job. The latter little girl, Ruth Joyce, walked off with the first prize—i.e., a week's engagement at London's first smart bottle-party, the Florida.

Excuse for Entertaining

An important date to make a note of, and an excellent excuse to combine charity and hospitality if you feel like entertaining, is the Young Conservatives' Ball which takes place at the Dorchester to-morrow night (18th); it is always a good party in a very good cause.

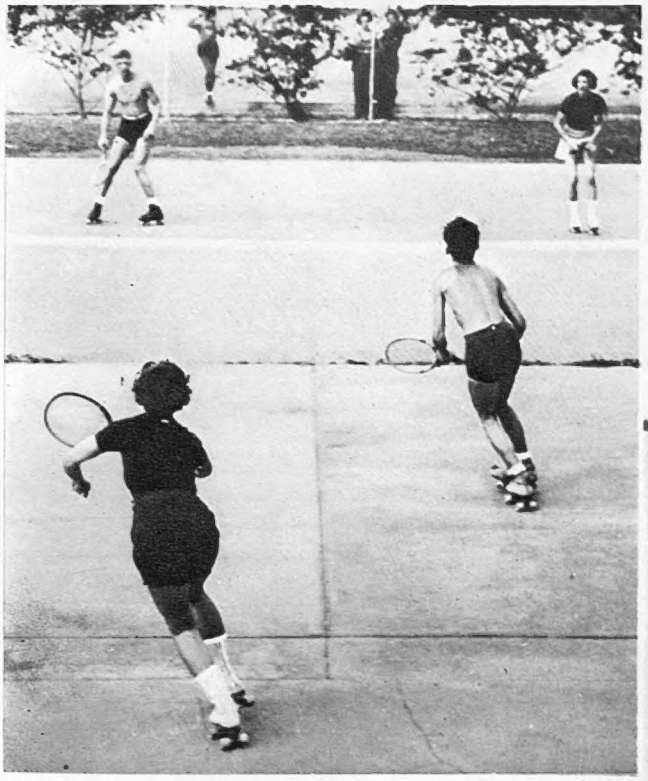
MISS PEEPS

Alexander Elliot and Lady Ann Child-Villiers announced their engagement last week. He is the late Gilbert C. Elliot and Mrs. Elliot's son, and grandson of Mr. Henry Barber, of New York; she is the twenty-one-year-old daughter of the late Lord Jersey and Lady Cynthia Slessor, and sister of the present Earl

Mr. Elliot and Lady Ann Villiers

All Done for Fun

But You Have to Like Speed



Roller - Skate Tennis —

Tennis on wheels comes from America; these exercise-fans were rumbling about on a Miami court made of concrete. The girl on the left was skating forward into position for a volley

Below: squash on wheels is English. Charles Arnold, the Bath Club squash professional, is so good on roller skates he can wear them for squash. We are not told who he finds to play with

— And Roller - Skate Squash

Tennis on the Table

These ping-pong experts are Ruth Aarons, American world champion, and Ida Ferenczy, of Hungary. They were playing in the British Championships of that quick - as - lightning game at Paddington Baths. Mlle. Ferenczy is being groomed for film stardom, and Miss Aarons has appeared in night-club cabaret

Bobsleigh Preparations

C. P. Green and David Looker were working on their "machine" before the world four-man bob championship at St. Moritz. They, with Freddy McEvoy (steering) and B. H. Black, won the Championship for Great Britain, with Germany, America and Switzerland coming second, third and fourth

Temporary Separation in a Point-to-Point

Right: Mr. Davis took this flight going over a fence at the New College and Magdalen Meeting, but he made a good landing and came in third in the race. He rode a horse called Well Done. The Farmer's Orphan jumped beside him

The Theatre

"Home and Beauty" (Adelphi)

ONE cannot imagine any tune so tasteless (or so irrepressible) as "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" ever overrunning the streets of the England which C. B. Cochran's Coronation revue holds up to smiling admiration. Certain things at Mulberry Moat may have their comic side, but the immemorial routine of the week-end party, the essential decency and decorum of guests and servants, permit no high-kicking frivolities. The steep curving stairs in the noble hall are not once violated by a jolly, irrelevant, bare-legged chorus; and if errand boys must go on whistling in this year of Grace they must, so far as "C.B." is concerned, make their choice from airs that are mostly operatic.

But if this England which A. P. Herbert, the author of the lyrics and the dialogue, teases with neat, allusive wit has an almost mid-Victorian respectability, there is nothing Victorian about its taste. Empty the stage may sometimes seem, but it is exquisitely empty like a well-furnished room. Cochran has given us many gayer revues, but none so easy on the eye, none so beautifully lit and none so shapely.

THE nature of revue is to sprawl, but the author puts up a heroic fight against nature. He never forgets that Lord Mulberry is entertaining a week-end party and that guests who have arrived on Friday afternoon must drink, dress and dine, inspect the estate, the nursery and the gymnasium, hear music, play cards and be polite on Monday morning. Add two sparring *prima-donnas* and a son of the house who gives red roses to one and his heart to the other, and there is almost a plot.

Of course, the American *prima-donna*, because she is Binnie Hale, must sometimes be an amorous housemaid and sometimes a rib-tickling *masseuse*, and Sir Venerable Monument, the waspish, port-drinking octogenarian, being Nelson Keys, may turn into anything from a roaring M.F.H. to a shy young plumber.

(Concluded on page 252)

Fitter Britain: Leslie French approves when Sepha Treble demonstrates

Sketches by Rouson

Nelson Keys as the Master of Foxhounds

Rival prima-donnas: Gitta Alpar expresses defiance; Binnie Hale holds aloof with a loofah

Mr. Herbert Farjeon is indisposed at present but will resume his weekly articles in three weeks' time

The Theatre *(Continued from page 251)*

Still, all the parts, whether doubled or not, are drawn by A.P.H., as though he had made a bet with himself to restore to revue the ancient Unities of Time and Place, into an oddly consistent whole. True, we have a Hungarian café swaying to the lilt of gipsy melody—but only because the homesick Hungarian *prima-donna* has ordered the footmen to spread her bedroom with bright nostalgic colours.

PERHAPS the happiest outcome of A.P.H.'s queer wager is that almost every scene involves a fresh appearance of one or other of the principals. Gitta Alpar, whose lot it is invariably to express herself in operatic arias, hits the high notes with determination.

We can never have too much of Binnie Hale, and whether parodying the arias or the styles of other actresses, her impudence is delicious.

As for Nelson Keys, I do not remember to have seen him in better form since he was in *London, Paris and New York*, a Cochran revue of long ago. He is at his funniest, perhaps, as the financier with a perpetual sneeze, forty pairs of trousers and no braces; at his cleverest, certainly, as the M.F.H. whose mirthless guffaw is as mechanised as his hunt.

Deceived husband (by Jove!): Denys Blakelock

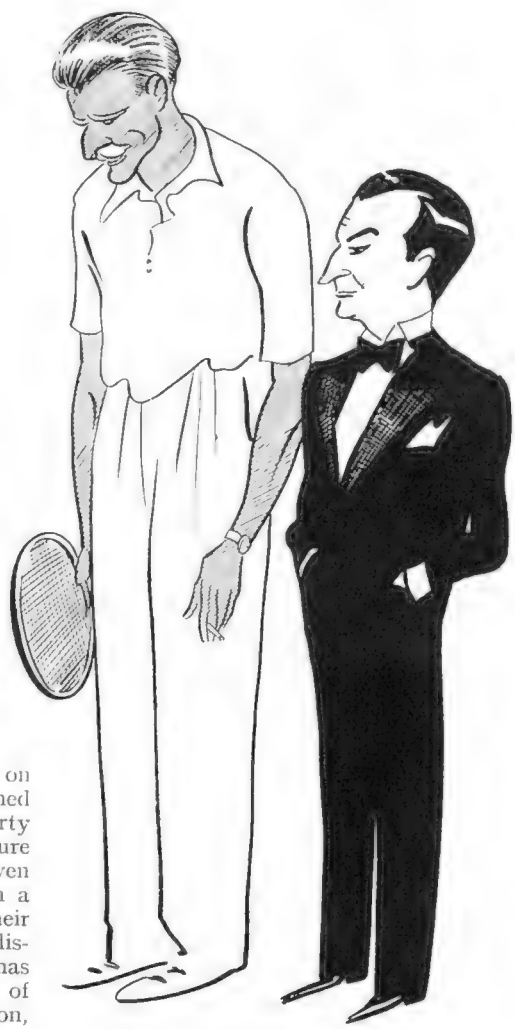
"Because We Must" (Wyndham's)

HAVE there ever been assembled on one stage so many people doomed to disappointment? Out of a tea-party of ten, all hopefully planning the future in a sunny country drawing-room, seven are to be harshly disillusioned within a year or two. Yet the spectacle of their disillusionment is by no means disagreeable, for Miss Ingaret Giffard has an eye for character and the trick of making it reveal itself in stage action, and these are gifts which excuse the rather obvious artificiality of the case she is making against life. Indeed, I suspect that its artificiality may be explained by the diffidence of a young author who has not yet learned that she has no need to make out a case either for or against life in order to make her stories interesting.

BUT her case in this entertaining piece is that we compromise, not because we will, but because we must, and the result, she notes, is often strangely pleasing. Pamela, the chief illustration chosen, is not a girl who lets the grass grow under her feet. The eligible bachelor whom she adores announces his engagement to a widow. Five minutes later Pamela, like many a worse heroine before her, has proposed herself to the trusty friend of childhood. A year later she has a lover; but the ultimate compromise is found only in the conviction that though she has failed as a wife she will succeed as a mother.

Vivien Leigh plays the part sympathetically, and we should like to believe with the author in Pamela's second chance. For in the end we can hardly say whether the cussedness of things or a hard egotism is to blame for the muddle.

THIS uncertainty is the fault, not of the actress, but of the author who overcrowds her stage with disillusioned



First and second loves: Alan Napier and Anthony Ireland

A man-hater who therefore loves them all: Vivien Leigh

ladies and leaves her heroine too little room in which to develop plausibly. Several of the other ladies have vitality enough to serve a heroine. They suffer in varying degrees. There is a match-making mamma who is cheated of her hopes. There is an adoring wife made a widow just as she was preparing to welcome her husband back from an outpost of Empire. There is an eager flapper turned by a penurious marriage into a scold. There is a well-meaning husband stupidly diverted into promiscuity. And, to complete the more than Tchekovian tale of woe, there is an earnest would-be *première danseuse* who concludes somewhat hastily that success can only be bought with her virtue. (While Miss Anne Firth, in a first-rate piece of acting, is making known the dancer's dire predicament, Mr. Alan Napier, as the rich avuncular friend standing by, does all that a good actor can to pretend that he is not there.)

HOW abominably well on the first night Mr. Anthony Ireland played the philanderer, taking over the part at two days' notice, and how much Miss Catherine Lacey, Miss Jill Furse and Miss Ann Casson did with the disillusioned ladies to console the audience for the regrettable dispersion of interest! Miss Ann Casson showed an unsuspected turn for acidulous comedy, the instancy with which she exposed the transformation of a sentimental ingénue into a peevish wife being one of the delights of a pleasant evening.

A. V. C.

Over the Snow They Go

At St. Moritz

Lady Fraser was photographed in the Palace Bar with Prince Moukter Bey Abed, the son of the President of the Syrian Republic. She and her husband, Sir Keith Fraser, have spent a long snow season in St. Moritz this year

At Davos

Mrs. Frank Sopper was on the "first tee" of the Parsenn, and was wearing what she calls her "no fall" cream-coloured plus fours. She's a Davos regular; her husband, Col. Sopper, has gone on a West Indian cruise

At Mürren

Miss Bridget Robertson goes every season to Mürren where Lady Mabel Lunn chaperones her. She's a crack ski-er and wears the Gold "K." Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Robertson, live in Oxfordshire

Right: Lord Carlow hardly ever gets in a photograph; even at his wedding he avoided it. He and Lady Carlow were married early in January and have spent their honeymoon at Mürren

Lord Carlow

Below is another Mürren picture, of Linnet Lafone and John Bulcock. She is the daughter of Major Edgar Lafone, and a niece of Lord and Lady Lytton

Three Young Lovelies at Davos

These three young ones were all going to do a Parsenn, and have been staying at Davos. They are Miss Agatha O'Laughlin, Miss Audrey Butler, skating Gweneth Butler's sister, and Miss Doreen Holman The first and last were debs last year

Miss Linnet Lafone and Mr. Bulcock

Elliott and Fry

Sir Samuel Hoare, First Lord of the Admiralty

The career of the Rt. Hon. Sir Samuel Hoare, Bt., is a model of correct, democratic success in which he received and gave the best. He was born in 1880, the elder son of Samuel Hoare who was made first Baronet in 1899, went to Harrow, then to New College, took a first in Classics and History at twenty-three and an assistant private secretaryship to Alfred Lyttelton at twenty-five. Next year he unsuccessfully contested Ipswich and got in for Chelsea in 1910, a seat he has held ever since. Twelve months before he had married one of the late Earl Beauchamp's daughters, Lady Maud Lygon. After a regulation period of serving on committees and Royal Commissions, he got his place in the Cabinet in 1923, and his tenure of the Secretaryships of State for Air, for India and for Foreign Affairs is modern history. His appointment last year as First Lord of the Admiralty was apropos, for he probably knows more about the Navy than any other landsman alive. He is a silver medallist skater, an excellent racquets and tennis player (he got his Blue for both and is now president of the L.T.A.), and his precise, imperturbable, almost icy speaking style drives the Opposition back benchers to despair

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

As might be expected, the Office of Works have blundered over the Coronation arrangements. They 've decided that every ancient public monument in London shall be floodlit except G. Bernard Shaw. This typical bureaucratic scorning of the nation's wishes is on a par with the American Government's recent refusal to make Mae West weatherproof.

Nobody is more livid at the Office of Works' decision, they say, than Mr. Shaw himself. He modestly but firmly put forward his claims to being floodlit on an equal basis with Westminster Abbey some time ago in a letter of eighty-seven pages, and he naturally expected nothing more need be said. To his intense surprise he got a letter back from the Office of Works saying they couldn't quite see their way to spending public money in illuminating him in this way, and wouldn't it be just as good if Coronation visitors viewed him by moonlight instead, like the ruins of Melrose Abbey? They agreed he was a classified ancient monument and part of our national heritage, but they pointed out that Westminster Abbey would be put to practical use during the Coronation period. They were studiously careful not to offer Mr. Shaw the Crown by way of compensation. That made him pretty sick, too.

So there the matter rests. Mr. Shaw has no intention, at the time of writing, of being fobbed off with moonlight. He has no opinion of the moon, to begin with, and for another thing, the Office of Works won't allow a charge of sixpence per person. A compromise may be made during the Naval Review with searchlights, but he 's likely to look pretty sulky when lit up, at that.

In Queer Street

Working against time, the L.C.C. and its buddies the builders are feverishly tearing down every possible bit of good London architecture in time for the Coronation. The latest to go is the final vestige of Nash's Regent Street, and a fine old ex-ambassador's mansion in Soho Square with walls, ceilings, and staircases of the Golden Augustan Age, when men knew how to build beautiful London houses, is also marked down. Hanslip Fletcher's admirable drawings of the doomed week by week in the *Sunday Times* generally keep abreast of the destruction as it proceeds, but it seems as if the L.C.C. can't destroy quickly enough. They 'll be dynamiting the remainder of Augustan and Georgian London domestic architecture before long, sending everything sky-high at once.

" I can't explain it, warder. All I did was to wish and wish and wish ! "

Those of our little readers who are connected with the Arts will have noticed, on leaving the Bankruptcy Court and turning down Carey Street, a charming red-brick Queen Anne house with a green door; a house of mellow dignity and personality, the sole survivor of its kind amid all that hideous Law Courts fake-Gothic and other Victorian frightfulness. We 've often wondered perpetually how 60 Carey Street has managed to escape the gorilla clutch of Progress. It seems it is used by the Council of the Law Society as a court-house to judge erring solicitors, and however grim and gritty this may seem to you—such a house was built obviously for entertainment and good fellowship and music and good wine—it 's at least a matter to be thankful for relatively, since lawyers never let go.

Their courts are held apparently in a spacious domed-room which once, belike, echoed to the music of the harpsichord and flute. Odd that this house should remain in Carey Street, the bankrupt's alley, the drabbest and most unhappy street in London. Odder still that higher up from No. 60 there is still a little pub, the Six (or Seven ?) Bells, which dates from the Middle Ages, though sadly changed, and that in a niche over the teashop on the corner there is the only statue in London of St. Thomas More, Chancellor of England, who once lived on the site.

Big House

The interior of Numbers 7-8-9, Carlton House Terrace, now being knocked into one large Embassy for (presumably) Herr von Ribbentrop, will ultimately, experts say, demonstrate all that is best and bleakest in the latest German interior decoration. Nash outside and Nazi within, so to speak, and an oddish

mixture it sounds. We probably won't get asked there often, so it won't do us much harm in diplomatic circles to place on record a conviction that the only decent style for an embassy is the baroque: plenty of gilding and marble and crystal, plenty of white and rose Dubarry, plenty of enormous paintings in florid gold frames, mirrors and busts everywhere, and a rich profusion of gold tassels. Against such a background the least important despatches can be signed with leisurely grace and dignity.

Given that Nazi taste bars baroque, for the moment, the Embassy architects ignored a fine chance of reviving some of the glory of George IV.'s Carlton House, which stretched, with its grounds, from the Duke of York's column to the bottom of Regent Street. (Its Corinthian portico still exists—cut out these bits of useful information; they 're handy when people call—worked into the National Gallery façade.) Apparently George and his little playmates enjoyed their romps in rooms panelled with lemon silk and figured peach satin and such-like material, which undoubtedly must have looked charming, whether you were looking at it drunk or sober, upside down, sideways, or from a prone position.

Carlton House wasn't Nash's work, but Carlton House Terrace is, and to have anything but Regency decoration inside those mansions seems an artistic crime. But the sturdy German virtues include a curious and historic impercipience in matters of taste, and Herr von Ribbentrop, having already introduced the Nazi salute into Buckingham Palace (to the pained astonishment of the officials), would hardly be likely to consider the feelings of the ghost of Nash, considering that the L.C.C. themselves can hardly bear to see a bit of his work left anywhere.

Post-Mortem

SINCE *The Boy David* was withdrawn from His Majesty's after its shortish run one or two distinguished theatre people have been trying to discover why it didn't succeed. Mr. Cochran thinks it 's a masterpiece of noble beauty and is dismayed, and Mr. Granville Barker, perturbed, says it 's full of beauty and nobility, and is a masterpiece. A less eminent lover of the drama, writing to *The Times* the other day, suggested that *The Boy David* died of a consumer's strike, the public finding stalls at 16s. and dress-circle seats at 13s. 6d. a bit thick even for the privilege of seeing La Bergner go roguey. Such a suggestion brings one down with a bump—does it not?—from the rarefied air of the high artistic peaks to low, vulgar realities and the Facts of Life.

Probably this, even more than the absence of fairies, of which some people complained, was the main reason this charming play flopped. The great public of old ladies and retired majors and readers of *Punch* and Civil Servants below Class I. couldn't afford good seats, and it wasn't a stockbrokers' piece in any way, still less an entertainment for chaps on leave from Kenya. One thing which puzzled and confused the wealthier theatre-going classes also was the fact that although the newspaper swore it was a Scriptural play, the Twelve Apostles apparently weren't in it at all. Another thing was that although Bergner is a girl, she was dressed as a boy.

Meanwhile the real Barrie public which knew what *The Boy David* was about had to stay at home, kenning fine that Tinker Bell was very angry about those expensive seats and would probably mischief Mr. Cochran and the libraries in the end and give somebody a tiny ache in the box-office; which she certainly did.

Snook-Cocking Dept.

PROWLING round the West End bottle-party night-clubs like a hungry cat round a bird-cage, the Law was able to take a little dab through the bars the other day, when it haled up a dozen of them before the beak for having music and dancing without a licence. That 's about all the Law can hope for at the moment, so long as the birds behave themselves. It 's a rather pleasant situation, and it must be driving some people half mad. Clever young Mr. Gerald O'Brien, the chartered accountant who first thought of the bottle-party idea and worked out what is an absolutely shock-proof defence—until somebody alters the present licensing laws—may well rub his hands.

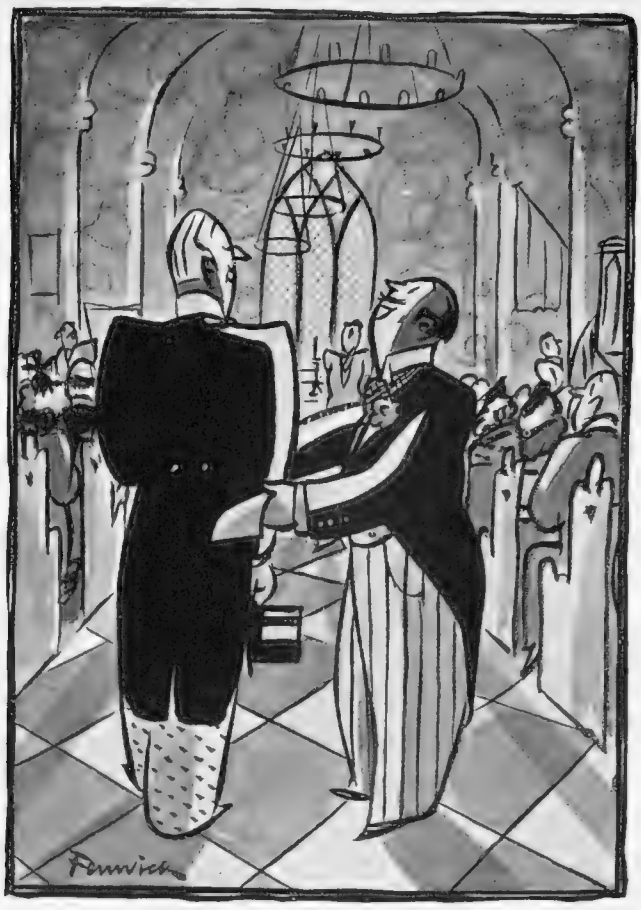
Speaking for white-tie clubs like the Four Hundred and the Old Florida, we should say the police may as well turn in here and now and have a good rest, instead of worrying. Such places will never oblige them by staging a brawl or allowing people to tear off all their clothes or sing French songs. There 's as much hope of detecting naughty conduct there as in Convocation. The sight of all those chaps sitting round with their nice clean healthy British faces and smoothly brushed hair and exquisite white ties, those fresh-faced eager girls in smart party-frocks, their innocent laughter pealing like silver bells, has often brought tears of pride and affection into these rheumy old eyes, reminding us somehow of long-vanished prize-givings and teas on the Rectory lawn. Complete decorum and temperate jollity, that 's the West End hall-mark of what are called in New York the swank niteries. The others aren't very wicked, either.

Another good thing is that the police get a night out at regular intervals, trying to nab the proprietors. They enjoy themselves tremendously, no harm is done on either side, and everybody's happy, including the criminal underworld, which is able to get on with its job.

"Go it, you with the bowler!"

Fun in Whitehall Place

A WELL-KNOWN novelist told us at luncheon last week that he was trying to discover the ideal London *décor* for a really messy and abominable crime. After some thought we simultaneously hit on the National Liberal Club, which, so far as we knew, has never yet been used by a crime novelist—nor, in fact, by



"Well, I'm a friend of the bridegroom, but I was engaged to the bride"

any other except H. G. Wells, who takes a pleasant little crack at it and its members in *The New Machiavelli*. Waterhouse's vast sooty red-brick neo-Gothic masterpiece, the largest and ugliest political club in London (foundation-stone laid by Mr. Gladstone, 1864), seems to us just one degree more perfect for a murder than St. Pancras Station, which it so closely resembles. That brownish glazed Doulton tile-work, those chilly underground corridors, those vast pillared rooms upstairs with their portraits of Liberal heroes, that extraordinary Liberalness of the members themselves—everything about the place is ideal. We should like the victim attacked under the Gladstone statue in the hall and finished off in the great smoking-room. A general election would be taking place simultaneously, in order to bring out the full soapy clinging horror of the situation.

Our novelist friend also favoured the Reform Club and a more grandiose heavy, pseudo-classical kind of crime, suitable to that solemn square columned hall and that vast staircase of Carrara marble. The victim would need to be of higher intelligence and social standing than one murdered in the National Liberal Club, and the atmosphere would be free from smugness, making the victim's end gloomy, perhaps, but never mean.

A murder in the Athenæum would naturally be unsurpassed for sombre magnificence and Poë-like grandeur. In his newly-published memoirs Kipling compares the place, even without a crime, to a cathedral between services. The trouble would be to find a worthy victim.

Pipe Down

THE latest in Hollywood parties, we hear from one who dreads them as much as anybody, is the Napping Party, at which there 's no obligation whatsoever on any guest to dance or shout or stand on his head, or chase somebody round with a gun, or jump into swimming-pools fully clothed, or set fire to the apartment for fun. The idea is, in fact, complete and absolute rest, no chatter, and no disturbance.

Once more this Hollywood invention isn't absolutely new. Fifteen years ago at least in Chelsea it was the unwritten law at most decent parties that when a guest suddenly fell down unconscious or asleep he or she stayed down. They either left him, or her, *in situ*, or heaved her, or him, on to a nearby mattress in comfort. Nobody knew how this humane custom started, but we always had an idea it originated at Whistler's celebrated Sunday breakfasts in Tite Street in the '80's; for though Whistler never, if possible, paid his milk bills—as a Chelsea dairyman who knew him revealed only the other day—he was pretty lavish when it was a question of Art, not to speak of people who buy Art. (He had no need to provide mattresses for fair guests to fall on. That was the Bustle Age.)

The logical development of the Napping Party is the Knockout Party, where the host ensures repose for his guests (and himself) by doping their cocktails beforehand. One advantage of this is that the host can then slip out to a party if he likes, leaving the guests supine. On the other hand, the faces at other people's parties always look more frightful, on close examination, than faces at one's own, though one never believes it possible. Illusion! Illusion! Is not life compact of such?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Try a pipe of this, old man"

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 7 Lady Plunket

DAUGHTER of the late Joseph Lewis and widow of Jack Barnato, Lady Plunket is a perfect example of heredity. In her own way she is even younger than her extraordinary mother, Fanny Ward. And yet she is, I am certain, perfectly unconscious of her little girl mannerisms such as tossing her hair back, her catch phrases, and her affection for school-room food. Lady Plunket has a flashing smile, amazingly blue eyes, and a very slim figure. She hates being called pretty as much as she loves dancing, for which she keeps as fit as any professional. In the past ten years she must have danced over a hundred times for charity. On one occasion a certain hospital was offered one thousand pounds if she would appear in person. Her clothes are original and daring: she will wear bright suède suits with a bow at the neck in the country. She never wears a hat if she can help it. She has amazing eyelashes, which makes one suspicious until it is observed that her son, Shane, has them too. She is a marvellous mother, and when her three sons are at home the house in Wilton Crescent is full of children. Her own offspring treat her like their younger sister, though she is always strict with them when necessary.

LADY PLUNKET put up her hair at the age of thirteen in order to wash dishes for the troops during the War. Her first husband proposed to her when she was fourteen and waited three years to marry her; otherwise she would almost certainly have gone on the stage. When he died she went into an orgy of speed. It was literally only an accident that she did not take out her pilot's certificate. She had already done forty hours solo when the machine in which she was going to make her test crashed and killed every one on board. Then Brooklands saw her flashing round the track, her cornflower eyes wide open and the throttle, too. Casinos saw her also, but though she liked a gamble she preferred to dance. Yes, Lady Plunket is rather like Colonel Moore-Brabazon in this way—that she leaves off where other people begin.

MEANTIME, she adores flowers, rubies, and diamonds; she is devoted to her husband and hates red tape; she is fond of dogs, loyal to her friends and highly superstitious. If she puts her left arm into a sleeve first, or her left foot into a shoe first, she is unhappy for the rest of the day. She has a quick temper, which only flashes out, however, on behalf of someone else. Anyway, it is all over in a moment. She is also fond of ski-ing, used to hunt, and has danced in public with the late Frankie Leveson (her first partner), Serge Lifar, Jack Holland, Bobbie Helpmann, and Walter Crisham, her present partner. Yet she always wanted to be a nurse and what a pretty one she would have made. For just as her mother will always go on looking as though she is in the fifties, Lady Plunket will always continue to look as though she is still in the early twenties.

Charles Graves

Cannons of Hollywood

The Hon. Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth

Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth has been in Switzerland—at St. Moritz—during the last week or two; this new portrait of her was taken just before she went out there. She is the wife of Viscount Rothermere's only son, was Peggy Redhead before she married in 1920, and has three children—a twelve-year-old son, Vere, and two daughters, of whom the eldest, Lorna, will be eighteen next year. She has a lovely old house, Atholhampton Manor, in Wiltshire, and spends a good deal of her time down there. A sister and a half-sister of hers are Mrs. Jock Ropner and Mrs. Robert Ropner; they married younger brothers of Colonel Leonard Ropner, the Member for Barkston Ash

"Little Man, What Now?"

Posed by Wes Adams and Lisa and photographed by Anthony

Norman Parkinson

Sabu, Hero of "Elephant Boy"

Sabu, thirteen, jungle-born, son of a late mahout of the Maharaja of Mysore, had never left his native village until Robert Flaherty brought him to England to finish *Elephant Boy*. He was discovered around the Mysore elephant stables by cameraman Osmond Borrodaile, who brought him to Flaherty; the boy has proved to be a brilliant natural actor. He used to get a pension of two rupees a month and a daily handful of rice; now he gets a good salary from London Films and has already had a new film planned for him. *Elephant Boy* is based on the famous Kipling story, had Zoltan Korda as well as Flaherty as director, was photographed mainly in India, and promises to be a fine and exciting jungle picture, with some amazing shots of wild elephant herds in their natural setting. The premiere will be given in aid of the Westminster Housing Association, probably early in March

Ballet Rambert

The Ballet Club at the Duchess Theatre

"Bar Aux Folies-Bergère"

Walter Gore as Valentin, the waiter, Maude Lloyd as La Goulue, Etoile du Can-Can, and Elisabeth Schooling as La Fille au Bar take the chief parts in this ballet which was inspired by Manet's famous picture, and is set to Chabrier music. It is by Ninette de Valois, is the only ballet she has written for the Club, and is the outstanding success of the repertoire, brilliant in its atmosphere, gaiety and wit. La Goulue gives Maude Lloyd a great opportunity for character dancing, and she takes it superbly. The dresses and decor are by William Chappell

Maude Lloyd in "Passionate Pavane"

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A New Ballet—"The Descent of Hebe"

Schooling dances Hebe and Anthony Tudor is Hercules in this new ballet which was given for the first time on the opening night chess season. Maude Lloyd as Night and Hugh Laing as Mercury ther two chief parts. The choreography is by Anthony Tudor, who sible for five ballets in the repertoire; the music is Ernest Bloch's Grosso; the decor and dresses, which are extremely effective, are by nois, daughter of Alexander Benois, Diaghileff's famous collaborator

Hugh Laing in "Valentine's Eve"

Hugh Laing is one of the chief male dancers with the company at the Duchess Theatre, and has an important part in the new ballet, "The Descent of Hebe." Andrée Howard, besides being a première danseuse of the company, is a talented young choreographer, has composed three ballets in the present repertoire, and two more in collaboration with Susan Salaman. One of these, "Mermaid," was chosen to open the first night programme. "Valentine's Eve," in which she and Hugh Laing were photographed, is by Frederick Ashton to Ravel music

Photographs by Anthony

Andrée Howard in "Valentine's Eve"

The Ballet Club's performances are ordinarily given every Sunday night at the tiny Mercury Theatre, but for three weeks (from February 8th) the Club as Ballet Rambert is giving a season at the Duchess Theatre. Here the stage is slightly larger, but the intimate character of the ballets is unchanged. All the members of the company are or have been pupils of Mme. Marie Rambert to whom the Club is responsible for its existence. It, the Club, is a notable "nursery" of talent, many members having gone on to other companies—the de Basil, Vic-Wells and Markova-Dolin companies among others. Two of the Duchess company, for example, are "on loan" from Sadler's Wells: Frederick Ashton who has composed many of the Club's ballets, and William Chappell

Howard Coster, London

Powers of the Pulpit: the Rev. Pat McCormick

No fitter man than the Rev. Pat McCormick could have been chosen for the difficult task of succeeding Dr. Dick Sheppard as Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, a post he has held now for ten years (the exact decade ends on March 1st). Under his influence the big congregations have continued to flock to the "Sacram Aedem S. Martini Parochiani" that stood in Trafalgar Square for a hundred years before Nelson did. William Patrick Glyn McCormick, born in 1877 into a church family (his father, the late Canon Joseph McCormick, was an honorary chaplain to the King), was educated at Llandaff Cathedral School, at Exeter School, and at St. John's, Cambridge. He was ordained deacon in 1900 and priest in 1901 and went straight out to the Boer War as acting chaplain. When peace came he stayed on in South Africa, working in Cleveland, a gold-mining village, and under him that parish was started and the church built. In 1910 he moved into "Johannesburg the golden" and continued his work at St. John's, Belgravia, until armageddon in Europe called him back to the post he filled so greatly as the soldier's minister and friend; he was with the B.E.F. "for the duration." After the war he became Vicar of Croydon, was made an honorary canon of Canterbury in 1923 (a title he gave up in 1927) and chaplain to the King in 1928. He is reticent about his war experiences and a pacifist "up to a point," has given up cricket and rugger for golf, is married, has a son and three daughters

Winter All But Gone, Welcome Spring with a New Ford V-8 "22", just as fine a car as its bigger sister, but attractively less costly to buy, run and maintain. Roomily comfortable, finely equipped, excellently finished, inside and out, it charms passengers and driver equally, because "every seat's a front seat" in restful ease. Ford Dealers Revel in Revelation of the Wonders of Ford Production-Resources.

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E. H. Eugene Pizey

Annabella's New Film Gives Her Gypsy Blood

Wings of the Morning is the name of the film, also the name of the horse who is part of the story, a story of a gypsy-born girl who marries a nobleman; it 's the first technicolour picture shot in England. Annabella, says report, makes her part as sunny and as subtly simple as ever, and this we shall be able to judge in less than a month, when *Wings of the Morning* is shown here (it 's been trade-shown already and is to have an American opening at the Radio City Music-Hall). Meanwhile the little French star has returned to la patrie after a very quiet and retiring private life here, on completion of her second picture for New World, under Robert Kane's production—no less than *Under the Red Robe*, the film of Stanley Weyman's Richelieu novel. In it, Raymond Massey plays the cardinal, Conrad Veidt an adventurer in his service; Annabella, with Henry Fonda as her leading man, is a Huguenot rebel. Harold Schuster directed *Wings of the Morning* and Victor Seastrom *Under the Red Robe*

"Bystander" Short Story No. 76

Money For . . .

By C. Gordon Glover

Illustrated by E. Spring-Smith

I BEGAN to tremble when we heard him coming up the stairs. I felt Mae tauten up at my side. "It 'll be quite all right," she whispered several times, "quite all right. Don't let up, that 's all, even when he drops. Go on hitting him—just go on hitting him."

"All right," I said, "I 'll hit him all right. Don't you worry." But I was shaking just the same at the idea of killing Hagger, bringing down the lead pipe right in the middle of his head. He 'd give a little grunt, I supposed. They always did on the movies. They grunted, stood for a moment, then rolled over like sacks of flour. I supposed it would be rather like that, though something might break. I was squeamish at the idea of something breaking. "Give it him good and hard," breathed Mae. "All right," I said, "I will." I could smell her hair close by me where we stood behind the curtain. I could see it, too, in the faint, reflected light of the sky through the window. It looked white, like the colour of barley in moonlight. I 'd have done anything for her. I was going to, wasn't I?

I thought Hagger would never make it, he came so slowly. The stairs creaked under his big feet. He stopped on the landing to wind the clock. "Keep quiet, can't you?" she whispered. "Don't breathe so loud."

"Sorry," I said. "I 'm a bit strung up, that 's all." The bit of lead pipe in my hand was all slippery with sweat. It felt like an eel.

"It 'll be easy," she whispered. "Money for jam."

We 'd got it all worked out. When Hagger came in he 'd go over to the safe in the corner, open it and stuff in the day's takings from the shop. While he was doing that, with the safe wide open, I was to let him have it. He never banked a thing. He was funny that way. The safe was crammed with paper-money. I 'd got a bag for that. I was going out the way I 'd come—through the window. Later that night Mae would start roaring for the police. They 'd never pick on me. Why should they? Nobody 'd ever seen me and Mae together; nobody 'd ever seen me around the shop except that first time when I 'd gone in, and seen Mae there, and grinned at her, and she 'd grinned at me, and we 'd made that date. I 'd never shown up after that. Mae was too cute for that. Hagger didn't know about me. Nobody knew about me except Mae.

Yes, we 'd got it all mapped out all right. Mae was going into weeds in a big way, and I wasn't showing up for weeks. When I did show up it was going to be all very well done. There was going to be a bit of a respectable courtship for the sake of the neighbours. Then we were going off to be married and find our fortunes.

I 'D wanted to do it differently. I didn't see why Hagger had to be killed. There ought to be some other way of laying hold of that safe full of paper. Killing didn't seem quite in my line. "He 's a beast," Mae had explained. "You don't know what a beast. If we went off together he 'd come and get you. Besides . . ."

"Well," I 'd said, "besides what?" She took a big breath. "Besides, when a woman 's in love like I 'm in love——" I caught hold of her and kissed the breath out of her body. She made me mad by going on talking about the kind of a beast Hagger was, and what he 'd done to her already, and what he 'd do to the pair of us if we walked out on him. And there was the money. That was all part of it. That was going to give us the whole wide world to play with together. And there wasn't any other way, said Mae. Hagger kept that combination right under his hat. It wasn't written down anywhere. There was no way for amateurs like Mae and me to get a hand on that money without the safe being open, and the only way of getting the safe open was to have Hagger open it, and from that point of reasoning on there was only one road.

I hadn't liked it, though. "They 'd get us," I said. "They always do. We 'd slip up on something. I don't believe it could be done, Mae."

She 'd laughed and fished a news-cutting out of her bag. "Read that," she said. "All that happened a year or two back in Manchester where I used to live. What 's more, I knew Susie Lamont, and I knew that husband of hers, and don't you tell *me*. . . ." I read the cutting, and went on reading it. It did me good to read that cutting. It was all about this diamond merchant who 'd been shot and robbed in his very own house, and about his heart-broken widow giving testimony at the inquest, and about the verdict of wilful murder against person, or persons, unknown. I remembered the case. It was the verdict which tickled me. They 'd evidently muffed it a little bit, though: shot him so 's he lived a while longer than he ought to have done. He 'd had time to see a scar on the killer's forearm. He 'd done it in his shirt-sleeves. It must have been a hot night. "And *that 's* why you 've got to make no mistakes," Mae said. "*That 's* why he 's got to be killed dead—and dead means dead."

I said to her: "Yes, this is all fine, but you seem mighty sure about *her*—the wife, I mean—having a hand in it."

"Oh, I 'm sure enough," Mae said. "I knew her, I tell you. And you don't have to tell me anything about what went on there."

"I wasn't trying to. I want you to tell me."

"All right, then. It was just that she got herself married about six months later to a *rich* young man who just turned up from nowhere."

"That doesn't prove anything," I said. "Rich young men often do."

"But, you see, this one had turned up before, only nobody knew it—except me. I just—happened to know, happened to *see*."

"Oh," I said, "I see."

"You may do, but you don't see quite so clearly as I do. I see it as a pretty well-done job. Nobody suspected a thing. Why? Because those two had had the good sense not to go showing themselves around together before. They went away as soon as they were married and nobody suspected a thing. That 's all. I was interested. So interested that I kept that cutting. If it can be done once it can be done again—same idea, different circumstances."

"Where 's the girl now?" I asked Mae.

"I don't know. Somewhere a long way from home, depend upon it. Getting ready to do it all over again if the fancy takes her, I dare say."

"Don't be absurd," I said. "Nobody 'd get away with a thing like that twice."

(Concluded on page xii)

"All right," I said, "I'll hit him"

Films of the Day

Cecil B. de Mille's Best Film: By George Campbell

WILD BILL HICKOK was the greatest gunman of the West—a dazzling artist in homicide who demanded a thousand dollars a week for cleaning up such lawless towns as Tombstone and Deadwood, and got it. "Calamity Jane" Cannary was the frontier's most notorious dance-hall girl: a riotous, profane, good-hearted creature if you took her right, but it was easy to take her wrong. Now, as was bound to happen sooner or later, Cecil B. de Mille has teamed them up. *The Plainsman*, de Mille's latest picture and his best, is the story of Calamity Jane's love for the famous marshal, gambler and killer, set against a background of gun-play, gambling and Indian fighting.

It is magnificently done. De Mille has always had a superb flair for spectacle. Nobody is more brilliant at mass effects. He can, if he likes, exploit significant detail tellingly. It is not too much to say that the brilliant French Jew would have been one of the greatest directors the industry has known but for one error of judgment: he has persistently and arrogantly under-estimated the intelligence of the public.

"THE PLAINSMAN" is the only picture I can recall in which commonsense and good taste are not sacrificed again and again to achieve some visual or sentimental end. The characterisation of Wild Bill, Calamity Jane, Buffalo Bill Cody, and the rest is established deftly and firmly, and the action is continuous and exciting. It may be that the picture is slightly more effective if you are familiar with the period. There is, for instance, a sudden chill, as when a presentiment of coming evil sends a shiver down the spine, in the shot where Hickok, leaning over the rail of a Missouri paddle-boat, is joined by a smiling little bar-room rat of a man with the words, "I 'm Jack McCaul." But only, of course, if you happen to know that this same Jack McCaul shot Hickok cold-bloodedly in the back of the head as he sat playing poker in the roaring town of Deadwood. Wild Bill held a full house at that moment—aces and eights, which accounts for the prejudice of the superstitious gambler against that particular combination, and the fact that it is still known as "the Dead Man's Hand."

"THE PLAINSMAN" is notable as much for the excellence of the acting as for de Mille's skill in handling the Indian attacks and other thrilling mass effects. As Wild Bill—described by contemporaries as tall, slender, elegantly dressed, with long yellow hair, chill blue eyes, well-chiselled features and quiet address—Gary Cooper is perfect. James Ellison makes a likeable and strikingly handsome Cody, and Jean Arthur has the mixture of toughness and charm required for Calamity Jane. Calamity, Texas Guinan's predecessor in one phase of her activities, was also given to driving mule teams, scouting and Indian fighting when she tired of the charms of booze and saloon hurdy-gurdies. You might think Miss Arthur too attractive and too sentimental, but contemporaries agreed that when she put aside buckskin and trousers for evening dress, Calamity was "a buxom eye-full"; and despite the epitaph on her grave, "She war a holy terror," she must have had charm to get away with half the misdemeanours she is charged with. On one occasion she was accused of stealing fifty dollars from a drunken miner. Her defence—that if she hadn't robbed him somebody else would have, and that she had given the money to a sick girl friend, anyway—impressed the court as so eminently reasonable that she was acquitted with apologies, and the miner rebuked for bringing so frivolous a charge.

IF you want to see how brilliantly Elisabeth Bergner can act when she is not being Peter Pannish, don't on any account miss *Dreaming Lips*, the new and improved Max Schach-Paul Czinner re-make of the German *Träumende Mund*. Dr. Czinner's tempo is slow in places: the film would be vastly improved by the shearing of five hundred feet. But the intelligence with which a difficult theme is treated, the sensitive yet powerful acting of Miss Bergner and Raymond Massey, the subtlety by the direction: these things make *Dreaming Lips* as artistic a production as England has yet produced, and I only hope it has the success it so richly deserves at the box-office.

FOR those who prefer outdoor stuff again, there is Gaumont-British's *The Great Barrier*, the epic story of the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is a matter of history that just as funds were exhausted, the engineers ran into two apparent impossible barriers—the dreaded muskeg swamps that swallowed up animals, tracks and even supply trains, and the mighty range of the snow-clad Rocky Mountains. The film shows the heroic efforts of the engineers to carry on despite strikes, sabotage and sudden death—a crisis only ended when Major "Hell's Bells" Rogers stimulated the enthusiasm of workers and backers again by announcing that he had found a pass through the Rockies—actually six months before he did anything of the kind. Richard Arlen, J. Farrell MacDonald, Lilli Palmer (a little Viennese charmer who seems to have been born, appropriately enough, on a train), Barry Mackay and Roy Emerton head a large cast, and a few obvious model shots apart, I have nothing but praise for Milton Rosmer's direction and some of the loveliest photography imaginable.

"The Plough and the Stars"

Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster are the stars, and John Ford, who made "The Informer," directs another Irish story in this film made from Sean O'Casey's play about the 1916 rebellion; the cast includes players from the Dublin Gate Theatre. "The Plough and the Stars" is at the Regal

Alice through the Guinness Glass

"Stand up and repeat 'Tis the voice of the lobster'," said the Gryphon.

"But I can't remember the first verse," said Alice.

"Then go on with the next verse," the Gryphon replied impatiently: "it begins 'I passed by his garden'."

Alice did not dare to disobey, though she felt sure it would all come wrong, and she went on in a trembling voice:—

"I passed them a Guinness and marked with displeasure
How the Clerk and the Banker were sharing the treasure:
The Banker disposed of the contents complete,
While the Clerk had the glass as his share of the treat.
When the Guinness was finished, the Clerk, as a favour,
Was kindly permitted to hear of the flavour:
The Banker remarking, 'I really do think
That nought can compare with this excellent drink.
The head is so creamy, the flavour so mellow,
I'm glad to have shared it with you, my good fellow'."

"What *is* the use of repeating all that stuff?" the Mock Turtle interrupted

"Yes, I think you'd better leave off now," said the Gryphon, "if that's only the second verse."

"But there's time for one more," said Alice.

"Then mine's a Guinness," shouted the Mock Turtle eagerly.

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Moving Pictures : By Alan Thomas

"THE STRANGER PRINCE," by Margaret Irwin (Chatto and Windus ; 8*s.* 6*d.*), is an imaginative biography of one of the most romantic and fascinating characters in history—Rupert of the Rhine, grandson of James I. and nephew of the martyr King. Miss Irwin could hardly have chosen a subject whose personality and history were better suited to her particular technique. The advantage of a story told in this way—history, that is to say, told in the form of a novel—is not only that for nine people out of ten history at least becomes readable, but in the hands of someone like Miss Irwin, who is at once a historian and an imaginative writer, the historical character can be portrayed, if not with complete authenticity, at all events with an actuality which will delight the general reader and will satisfy all but the most pernickety of historians. The story here begins with a picture of Bohemian Elizabeth's family at The Hague. After a view taken in retrospect of Rupert's babyhood and youth, we sail with him to England. Here Miss Irwin gives us a glimpse of the country when men could ride in fields and woods round Westminster and the cry "All fellows to football!" fetched brawny peasants from their work "to kick at the blown swine's bladder that made their ball." But soon our island becomes a Debatable Land, and His High Illustrious Arrogancy is in his element, fighting against those "grudging, hypocritical curs" of Parliament. It is not, however, only as a soldier that Rupert lives through these pages. We see him now as a son in strained relations with his mother, now as a counsellor chafing under "the King's shifty and bewildered mind," now as a lover almost crushing the life out of Mary Villiers. *The Stranger Prince* is a long book, one that you can live in and enjoy at leisure. And at the end of it, the Prince will be no stranger.

Douglas

Margaret Irwin

Miss Irwin has written another historical best-seller—wherever you go someone is reading or has just read "The Stranger Prince." It came out last month and is reviewed on this page. "Royal Flush" and "The Proud Servant" were Margaret Irwin's two earlier pieces of romantic history

MR. RICHARD CHURCH'S new novel, *The Porch* (Dent ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is dedicated to "The Administrative and the Executive of Our Civil Service, who together comprise a treasury of good fellows." And so, I am sure, say all of us. It is not, however, of the Treasury, nor even of the Office of Works that Mr. Church sings. The setting of his delicately told tale is Billingsgate—his Majesty's Custom House, Billingsgate ; and the time is before the war, when you were paid in golden sovereigns and knocked off work at four. From which you may gather that we are not concerned with the higher grades of the Service. Our hero—or rather, our heroes, for there are two of them—are on the lowest of clerical rungs : their jobs are mechanical and their prospects—unless they pass by exam. into higher grades of the Service—nil. These two lads, however, had souls above their calling. John Quickshott, bathing in the secret knowledge that he was "destined and purposeful," and conscious of the gift of healing, aspired to be a doctor. His friend, Mouncer, was a poet, reared in the slums of Camden Town and savagely conscious of his social inferiority. He was also suffering from an illness which neither the care of a friend nor the love of a girl could cure. It is the relationship between these three—Quickshott, Mouncer and Dorothy Sinnier—that gives Mr. Church full scope for his fine-grained craftsmanship. The subsidiary characters are nearly all "oddities"—some of them rather overdone : there are times, too, when the story is held up a little too long in the traffic block of philosophical and emotional speculation. But *The Porch* is a work of great sensitiveness and poetic feeling.

MR. MICHAEL SADLEIR has given himself a holiday from writing excellent biographies, and his new book, *These Foolish Things* (Constable ; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a reversion to his first love, the novel. It is the history of the romantic education of an amorist. Nicholas Dering's love affairs with girls in Germany, France, and England provide him with valuable (and expensive) lessons in the art of making love. It is, therefore, as an experienced graduate that he falls finally in love with Sally, a charming American, cursed with a sadistic husband and a conscience. Their idyll runs its short and passionate course among the loveliest provinces of France. Away from realities—but never very far away from a drink—all is very heaven. But when the inevitable return to real life approaches Sally throws in her hand. "The time we have had must be something by itself—something detached. It must not fray itself out into half and half. It has been too perfect—to be—real." Nicholas accepts this unsatisfying kind of reason without much of a fight, and Sally goes back to America, leaving him to anguish and reminisce about *These Foolish Things*.

Mr. Sadleir is too accomplished a writer not to have made this study of a grand passion in the modern manner convincing and at times sincerely moving. Some of his portraits, especially those of Sally and her friends, are good enough to seem almost three-dimensional. But competent and engaging as it is, I hope *These Foolish Things* is merely a divertissement and that Mr. Sadleir will agree when I suggest in all diffidence that biography is best.

ONCE upon a time Cecil B. de Mille got out of a train on the wrong side, and seeing nothing but a rolling prairie, got in again and travelled on. Had he glanced on the other side of the track he would have seen the township of Flagstaff, the place he was looking for. But he missed it, and Flagstaff missed the chance of becoming famous.

For the spot where de Mille and his party ultimately stepped off was called Hollywood. Yet there is no such place as Hollywood : it is, as Mr. Leslie Wood tells us in *The Romance of the Movies* (Heinemann ; 15*s.*), "just as much a Never-Never Land as the three-ply sets which dot its movie 'lots.'" This book is a history of the "flicks" from their birth to the present day. They started—as other things have started—with the movement of a girl's eyes, a flickering image thrown on to the screen at a penny reading in Bath. The exhibitor was William Friese-Greene, the inventor of the movies. And from that time to this the Girl with the Moving Eyes has never looked back. Mr. Wood knows his subject from A to Z. His book makes easy and entertaining reading and is never over-technical. A pity it has no index.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Alexander

There is usually a tendency on the part of designers to create at the beginning of every season some perfectly unpractical fashions which lead to wild rumours and great interest among spectators. This year there is talk of the wired crinoline returning, but with modern transport and "bijou" flats it seems hardly likely that this idea will materialise. A charming dance frock with the new "umbrella" skirt is pictured on the right, expressed in fuchsia net over shot taffeta. The combined effect is enchanting and well worth a visit to Liberty's, Regent Street. A bunch of mixed garden flowers is pinned to the corsage, and the price is only 14 guineas

Prelude To Spring

Tailored suits and ensembles play an important part in the spring collections now being shown, and though skirts remain very much the same length as last season, they vary considerably in line. Tight and straight is the rule with loose finger-tip coats, and definitely flared with fitting jackets. The latter, incidentally, are shorter with numerous pockets, buttons, and high revers. Shoulders remain square and waists small. Brilliant coloured coats, rather full and box-shaped, are worn with dark skirts; also short Spanish boleros with wide, swathed sashes in two or more colours

Alexander

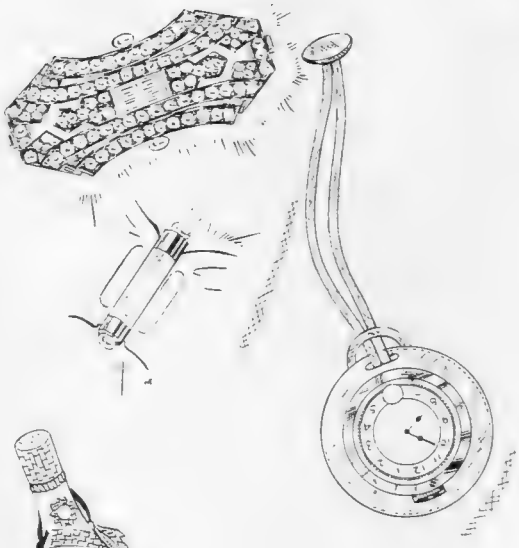
The ensemble above is ideal for early spring, as it possesses a certain warmth without appearing heavy. It is carried out in fancy wool dyed a soft shade of turquoise. The three-quarter length coat has a fitting waistline and flares slightly towards the hem. It is cut with square but unexaggerated shoulders and wide revers of dyed squirrel, while the simple frock is of a similar but lighter weight material. The price is 14½ guineas, and it comes from Corot, 33, Old Bond Street. Incidentally, a simple system of deferred payment prevails

Gay stripes and a military air distinguish the sports suit on the left from Maria, 133, Wigmore Street. The material is a novelty jersey which at a distance suggests soft tweed, and the cost is 4½ guineas. As with so many of the new models, the jacket is short and close-fitting, with built-up shoulders and a neat collar band. It fastens down the front with huge leather hooks and eyes, while the plain skirt has pleats at the back. Mme. Maria is showing her spring collection of day and evening dresses, while she specialises in original designs for wedding frocks

THE BYSTANDER TWINS IN SEARCH OF NOVELTIES

DISCOVERED BY PETA: PICTURED BY PAT

Suède accessories are very fashionable just now and help to enliven a plain frock or tweed suit. Sometimes the wearer's initials in bold capitals are introduced on the belt and back of gloves, as with the home-made set on the left

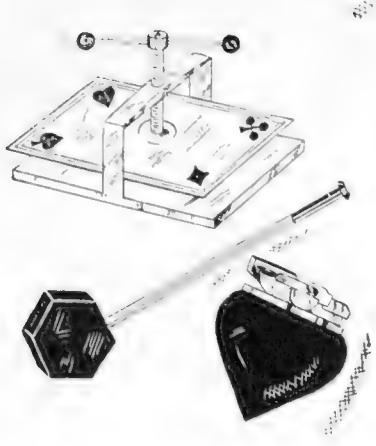


A new way of wearing perfume is to carry it in a small flask with a perforated cap, secreted at the back of a brooch or clip. Rivoli's, at Gooch's, Brompton Road, have the diamond paste brooch on the right for 45s.; also clips of a similar design. Their fob watch only costs 10s.6d. and is thoroughly reliable

One of the chief merits of suède is that it is obtainable in all sorts of lovely colours, and, being so pliable, can be made into almost anything. The collar and gauntlet gloves on the left would look charming in sandal wood or emerald green, stitched with a darker thread

There is something gay and Continental about the Tyrolean sherry set on the right from the Austrian Shop, 11, Clifford Street. The decanter and six unbreakable glasses are encased in red, white and blue leather, elaborately worked in spiral and lattice design. They cost two guineas, complete with tray

A printed cotton Tyrolean blouse with red and yellow roses scattered here and there would add a touch of individuality to a spring suit. The one pictured may be seen at the Austrian Shop, and costs a guinea



The group on the left is of special interest to card-players, as it includes a very practical gilt press for straightening out bent cards. It only costs 6s., and may be seen at Rivoli's gift shop, together with the hexagonal cigarette-holder and heart-shaped lighter, the latter costing 8s. 6d.

Golf Clubs at Home: Burnham Beeches

Stanley Oxley (captain)

Lt.-Col. A. Landen (secretary) and T. W. Turner (ex-captain and hon. treasurer)

T. C. Butler and Leslie Williams

This club was founded in 1891, there being then only nine holes. In 1909 the late Lord Burnham, then president of the club, by granting an eighty-year lease, made possible the present eighteen-hole lay-out. The round now lies on boldly undulating terrain in the middle of very beautiful country; the spacious and luxurious club-house also dates from the remodelling of the course

J. Amery-Parkes

O. P. Horlick (ex-captain)

A. B. Gladwell

J. V. Franklin

Tom Green (professional) and H. Smith (steward)

Left: Dr. F. J. Hathaway. Above: Ronnie Francis (committee)

Norman Parkinson

Silhouette at Cruft's

They are six-months-old bull-mastiffs, two from four thousand and five hundred canine aristocrats on show at Islington last week

Mrs. Ted McCormick and Her Sons

Mrs. Ted McCormick and her sons, Anthony and David, were at Mürren. They had motored out there for their spell of ski-ing

Mrs. Kingham and Lord Walpole

Gwen Kingham and Lord Walpole were outside the Hotel Bellvue at Kleine Scheidegg. Miss Kingham lives in Paris; twenty-four-year-old Lord Walpole has a place in Norfolk — Wolterton Park

Swiss

The Cresta Grand National

Left: Captain J. S. Coats won the Grand National again, for the fifth time in six years. He also won the Morgan Cup. With him are the Swiss riders, C. Fischbaher and Carl Nater, who were second and third

Miss Hilary Charles

Hilary Charles has been decorating St. Moritz and was busy taking her friends' photographs

Mr. Buxton and Mrs. Pilkington

Right: Mr. Adrian Buxton and Mrs. Mark Pilkington were at Scheidegg. She was Susan Henderson and is a cousin of Daphne Henderson, who has also been staying there

Mrs. Richmond Brown

Has been ski-ing at Mürren with her husband, Captain Charles Richmond Brown. She was Audrey Baring, and has been to Switzerland regularly since her marriage in 1933

Miss Nancy Harmood-Banner and Mr. Shankland

Another Scheidegg snapshot — of Nancy Harmood-Banner wearing a hood-scarf, and Douglas Shankland

Miss Weldon, Lord Howland and Mlle. Szentivany

Ski-ing

Right: Miss Marian Miller and Miss Marguerite Wedderburn-Wilson had come up from Grindelwald to sit on the Scheidegg snow. Miss Miller ski-ed for Canada at Garmisch last year and has gone to Chamonix for the F.I.S. meeting. Miss Wedderburn-Wilson wears the gold "K"

Above: Lord Howland, the Duke of Bedford's grandson, was photographed on a Scheidegg bench with two very pretty girls, Aurea Weldon, a cousin of Sir Anthony Weldon, and Olivia Szentivany

Below: Captain J. P. Black was out on a Mürren run. He is a member of the Kandahar (his scarf is a Club one), and is the donor of the John Black Cup, won this year by Michael Angas

Ski Kings

Mr. Arnold Lunn and Mr. Christopher Mackintosh were photographed at Scheidegg, Christopher Mackintosh with his broken arm still in splints. He and his wife, Lady Jean Mackintosh, have a big party there now

Miss Daphne Henderson

Is another Scheidegg inhabitant; she and her cousin, Mrs. Pilkington, are two of the most attractive people there. She was getting ready for an early-morning start

Riding Over Three Counties

Right: Prince Franz Josef von Hohenlohe, who is at Magdalen, was with Miss Rosemary Maitland-Makgill-Crichton at the New College and Magdalen 'Chases

Below: the owner of the badge-starred Tyrolean hat, photographed at the Magdalen and New College Grind, is Mr. Pat Meredith Hardy; he is with Miss Susan Bligh

Oxfordshire: *Lord Stanley went down to Little Tew to see his son, the Hon. Edward Stanley, ride his bay gelding "Gulliver II." to second place in the Magdalen and New College Grind, one of the opening point-to-points of the season*

Leicestershire: *Sir William Willcox, the pathologist, was out with the big Cottesmore field when hounds met at Burton Lazars after the Hunt Ball: with him is Mrs. R. H. Young, his only daughter*

Buckinghamshire: *Sir Peter Farquhar, who was temporarily on the casualty list, was photographed with Lord Rosebery at the Whitchurch meet of the Whaddon Chase. Lord Rosebery has been Master since 1923 and was joined by Sir Peter Farquhar in 1934 in the joint-mastership*

I.2a.

when
he's late
and
you feel shy
and
very
self-conscious . . .

have you
ever noticed
how a cigarette
will
in
some curious way
restore your
self-assurance ? . . .

and
at
the same time
it is
so
very
companionable.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

Howard Marshall on Rugger

A Coming Armageddon in Dublin

ALL sorts of things are blowing up in the Rugby football world, including a match between Ireland and Scotland in Dublin which promises to be a realistic imitation of Armageddon. This encounter, or holocaust, takes place on February 27th, and I talk of it in these ferocious terms because I have seen the Scottish forwards. They may not be scrummagers yet, but they are fighters, and here let me explain that the fighting spirit does not necessarily mean senseless brutality.

It does mean, however, that furious drive in the loose, that pounding foot work, that incessant push which distinguishes a formidable pack from a merely competent one. And this fighting, pulverising spirit has been sadly lacking in Scottish packs of recent years, though there were days, before and even since the war, when to go down to a Scottish foot rush was suicide, and not painless at that.

I SAW the Scotsmen roaring into the Welsh forwards at Swansea. Good, clean fun, mind you, but it made me wonder what would happen when they met Siggins and his filibusters. The irresistible force and the immovable object problem will be before us, and there 'll be wigs on the green sure enough.

This Scottish team, in point of fact, shapes uncommonly well. W. R. Logan at scrum-half is as tough as ever, and how he can take it! And I like the look of the rookies, W. Ross at stand-off half, and D. J. Macrae in the centre. Ross is one of those compact, quick, intelligent players, with something of H. J. Kittermaster's rhythm in passing. Macrae is tall and strong and confoundedly awkward to stop. He has that peculiar body swing which beats the best-intentioned tackle, and I have uncomfortable visions of him ripping through the English defence at Murrayfield in the Calcutta Cup match.

THE Scottish back division, indeed, had more of the international quality about it than any back division I have seen this year, a suppleness and speed and snap which constantly threatened the uneasy defence. And, since the proof of the pudding is in the eating, Scotland trounced Wales, despite the fact that Wales were attacking for three parts of the game. Those backs did it, with the resilience of taut rubber. Stretch them in defence as hard as you please, and the moment your pressure relaxes they spring back with a crack. And that sort of reaction is mighty unsettling.

CERTAINLY it unsettled Wales, whose story in the international field this year is a sad one. They started the season once more with the highest hopes—a potentially great back division and plenty of forwards. And then came the injury to Cliff Jones, and the defeat by England. How strange it is that the Welsh selectors seem invariably to pick a non-scrummaging pack against England, and then proceed to reorganise their back division after a match in which they had no chances.

Some observers say that W. Wooller is no longer the great player he was, but I think that is unreasonable criticism. Certainly he did not appear to exert himself fully against England, but then he had an injured knee. And in the Scottish match he was like the small child of the nursery rhyme—"When he was good, he was very, very good, but when he was bad he was horrid." His two tries were scorchers. I doubt whether any other centre could have scored them. In between whiles he fumbled and passed jerkily and generally played poorly.

TO my mind, this is an argument for the theory that we must consider Rugby football afresh as a team game. It has grown increasingly individual and opportunist of late years, with the result that fine runners like Wooller have developed, while the arts of passing and constructive attack as a whole have diminished.

Put Wooller in a team which works as a unit, and his passing and general constructive work will be sound enough. Put him in a back division where the players are chosen for their individual rather than their collective ability, and he becomes as jerky and spasmodic as the rest of them.

THROUGH long practice Wooller could work with Cliff Jones. The pair of them hunted in couples, so to speak, and brought out the best in one another. With R. R. Morris at stand-off half, the result was different. Wooller could not follow Morris's individualistic attack, and when the ball did come to him, it came unexpectedly. As a result he missed apparently easy passes or, thrown out of his rhythm, gave bad ones himself.

This is only a theory of mine, and it may well be far-fetched. The fact remains that teams must be built as carefully as motor-cars. No moving part is independent. The whole machine must work smoothly together, and the sooner our team-building is planned as a whole, the better it will be for the standard of representative Rugby football.

Kenneth Wilkins and Fred Huskisson

Wilkins is the O.M.T.'s skipper this year: Huskisson, younger of the two brothers, is the O.M.T. player who got his International cap against Wales and was chosen again for last Saturday's match against Ireland

Oxford beat Edinburgh by 23 points to 3

The match was at Oxford and the Dark Blues had the Scotsmen outplayed all along the line, winning by four goals and a try to a try—a defeat that might have been bigger but for some pointless kicking by Oxford. P. Walton, the Edinburgh scrum-half, is the man with the ball in the picture

"*Ellens,*" *Rudgwick, Sussex*

This England

THE garden or pleasance about an English country house reflects agreeably the nature of those who made it. That the plan should take a century or more to reach ripe beauty mattered little; a greater pleasure is had of slow maturing. Rather did they seek permanence in pleasure than a bubble joy, forgotten in a day. That is very English — to make slowly and incomparably well: that is why you find your Worthington so good.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

How to Deal With Sluggards

THE governing bodies of many games are viewing with concern the extremely long time which the players take over them. Cyril Tolley last month in the Press complained bitterly and quite rightly about slow golfers. In Australia, where the supposed best cricketers in the world are performing, difficulty is apparently found in scoring two hundred runs in a full day's play. Even the International Ping-Pong Association has had to put a time limit on matches played in tournaments; and a time limit has actually been found necessary at the game of chess.

The Rules of Golf Committee may well view with concern the incredible time golfers—especially in the Amateur Championship—take to play their matches.

I am afraid that the number of really slow players increases year by year, and that these golfers are doing much to lessen the pleasure of playing the game for the majority of players, and are also to some extent assisting the worse player to beat the better, because the latter gets so fed up with continual waits that he loses interest.

IT is not, however, only the modern golfers who have been culprits in this respect, as years ago there were extremely slow players. In 1913 a gentleman by name Heinrich Schmidt arrived at St. Andrews from the United States of America to play in the Amateur Championship, and very nearly succeeded in ruining it by his slow play. He was, to a great extent, responsible for the elimination of the Hon. Michael Scott, who, having to play behind Schmidt, had a very short time for lunch and was late on the tee for his afternoon round and was disqualified. Scott, at that time, was playing extremely well and was fancied to win.

Schmidt played so slowly that he completely disorganised play, and beat several better golfers than himself by wearing them out by his aggravating slowness. Harold Hilton finally managed to beat him by a very small margin. Hilton was determined not to be put off by his opponent's slowness; during their match after playing his shots he walked straight to his ball, lay down, smoked cigarette after cigarette, and told his caddie to call him when Schmidt had thought fit to play.

AT the Amateur Championship of 1931 at Westward Ho!, Eric Martin Smith, although he played well and very courageously, has to thank to some extent the slowness of the players in the first semi-final match for his success. In his own semi-final Martin Smith played Dr. J. D. M'Cormack in the second match, which, although it started fifteen minutes after the first, had caught it up by the time it reached the sixth tee. Both players at this stage agreed to wait ten minutes to let the match in front get well away, but this long wait availed them little, as they had to repeat the procedure on many other tees, including the eighteenth.

You may say that Martin Smith ought to have been put off just as much as M'Cormack by the funereal pace; if you do so you are wrong, because M'Cormack has had a large portion of his inside removed and consequently is easily affected by cold. For many years M'Cormack played under the great disadvantage of having to wear a steel waistcoat, a garment which is hardly likely to assist the golf swing.

What actually happened in this match was that M'Cormack got frozen to the bone, and even then only lost by taking three putts from a ridiculously short distance on the eighteenth green.

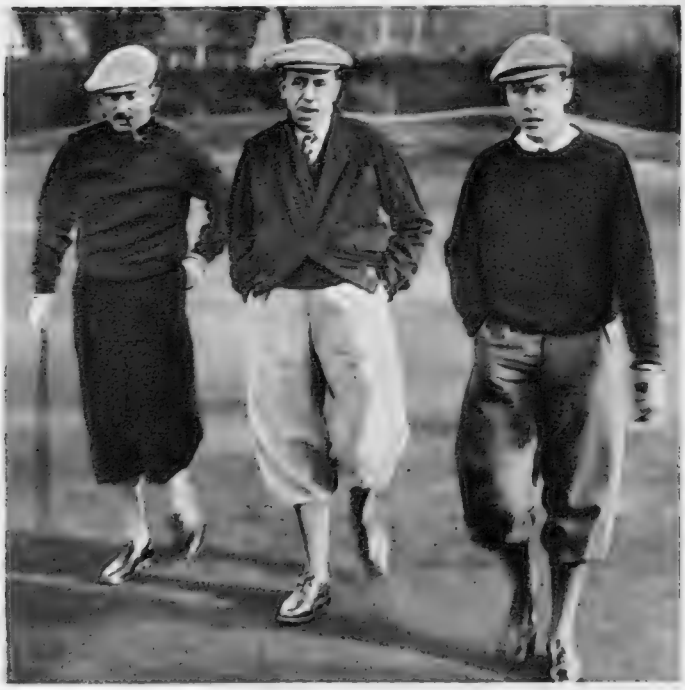
IN this case at Westward Ho! I certainly think that the Championship Committee deserves censure, as some of its members must surely have known that Martin Smith and M'Cormack play at a reasonable pace—actually both are decidedly quick players—and that the two players in the other match were well-known to be very slow players.

It surely would have been easy to allow Martin Smith and his partner to start first, and then the second match could have started with safety three minutes later and could have taken as long as the players desired with no inconvenience to anyone except the spectators. Alternately, the interval between the starting times of these two matches, which was fifteen minutes, should have been very considerably increased: an interval of thirty minutes would not have been sufficient.

IT is quite clear from these two cases that slow play has affected the results of golf matches of importance—a state of affairs which most assuredly should not exist. How to deal with golfers who play excessively slowly is a difficult question and much more difficult than with players of other games. The Committees in charge of golf meetings could, of course, announce that they would only accept entries from those who play in a normal manner and at a reasonable pace. In the case of the Amateur Championship, if the members of the Championship Committee do not know the players who are responsible for keeping the course back, they could surely run to the expense of employing a ranger. But this is not at all necessary as anyone who has played in the Amateur Championship even twice could give them this information, and most probably will do so in slightly unparliamentary language.

If the refusal of the entries of slow players is considered too high-handed an action, the sluggards can be made to start their morning rounds at dawn and their afternoon rounds at the end of the field. You may say that this suggestion is rather hard luck on the opponents of the sluggards but they are bound to have a miserable game in any case, so if they are caused a little more inconvenience and thereby enable the majority of the competitors to play in comfort and at a reasonable pace, I feel sure they would sacrifice themselves willingly.

Slow play should most certainly not affect the results of *all* matches behind a slow player, but unfortunately at the present time it does.



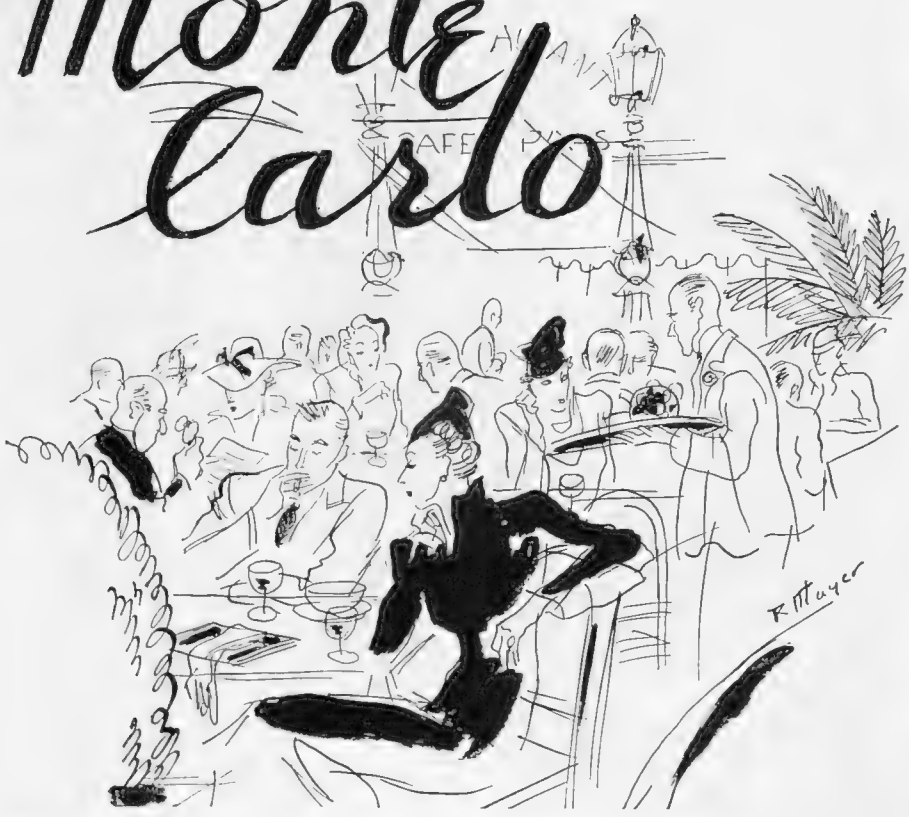
Cambridge Lost to Addington

It was their first match after the Cotton treatment at Ashridge, which had evidently not yet taken effect, for they lost by 12—6. E. F. Storey and Sir Harold Gillies (left), who beat Dalley and Ellis by two holes, were photographed with John Langley

Richard Boulter

Was given his golf Blue after the Addington match and is the fourth Old Stoic in the side which will meet Oxford at Princes, Sandwich, next month

Monte Carlo



There's Sun at Monte Carlo . . .

The ancients worshipped the sun. Who wouldn't? Akhnaton, husband of lovely Nefertiti and father-in-law of Tutankhamen, started the cult in 1370 B.C. The ancient Greeks and Romans offered their prayers to sun-god Apollo, ideal of manly beauty. We wouldn't go as far as that—but we'd certainly go as far as Monte Carlo.

340 days of sun out of 365 is the average for the last seven years. What more could any sun-worshipper desire? Think of the joy of always being certain of your weather! Never too hot in summer—never too cold in winter. They chose the best site on the Mediterranean coast for Monte Carlo—and, by Apollo! the sun realises it.

CALENDAR

FEBRUARY—APRIL 1937

SOCIAL EVENTS: GALAS at INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB and HOTEL DE PARIS; Battle of Flowers, *March 6*; INTERNATIONAL REGATTAS during *March*; Flower Show, *March 28–April 4*; Dog Show, *April 3–4*; Theatre—Season of Comedies and Operettas in progress at Beaux Arts Theatre; MONTE CARLO BALLETS (René Blum), *April 1-27*.

SPORT: Winter Sports — Auron, Downhill Race for Grand Prix d'Auron, *March 21*; Motor Boat Racing—outboards Grand Prix de Monaco, *April 9-11*; Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis); INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February 22–28*; EASTER TOURNAMENT (Macomber Gold Cup, Duncan Trophy, Wills Cup), *March 27–April 7*; Monte Carlo Golf Club—Rivett-Carnac Challenge Cup, *February 27*; Walter de Frece Cup, *March 6*; PRESIDENT'S CHALLENGE CUP, *March 19–20*; Stanley Cup, *March 29*.

MUSIC: Concerts—Richard STRAUSS, *March 12*; KREISLER, *March 17* and *19*; RACHMANINOFF, *March 24* and *26*; Bruno WALTER, *March 31*; Adolf BUSCH, *April 2*; Ruth SLENCZINSKI, *April 7*; Gala of Modern Music—Florent Schmitt's "Psalm XLVII," conducted by Dimitri MITROPOULOS, *April 14*; Beethoven's Mass, *April 16*; Festival French Music, *April 30*; OPERA—Season lasts till *April 10*.

This winter the cost of living at Monte Carlo is cheaper than ever. In spite of the devaluation of the franc, hotel tariffs have not been increased, which means in English money a reduction of approximately 35 per cent. Railway fares and all other expenses show proportionate savings.

Visitors to the HOTEL DE PARIS, the HOTEL METROPOLE and the HOTEL HERMITAGE will continue to enjoy the advantages of the "pension tournante." This makes it possible for them to take their meals as they choose, either in their own Hotel or at the Café de Paris, or at the International Sporting Club.

There are good hotels to suit every purse, full particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son Limited, and all Travel Agencies.

More Traffic by Air

By Charles Ward

The Director-General of Civil Aviation, Sir Francis Shelmerdine, with Lady Shelmerdine, at Croydon. They had flown from Cannes by the Air France service which operates daily to and from London. Later this year, Nice will become the Riviera air centre

Flying All the Way

EVER since the Imperial air routes were operated regularly, there has been a European train section that seemed to defy all efforts to link it up with the complete scheme—political difficulties, unreasonable commercial demands and lack of ground organisation for bad-weather flying, each conspired to postpone the day when the air service meant, in fact, flying all the way. Now, for the first time, the journey can be made by air throughout—from London to Sydney or Cape Town or Lagos or Hong Kong. "Castor," one of the Empire boats, inaugurated the Australian service. After a delay at Southampton due to weather and minor adjustments, the pilot reached Egypt 24 hours sooner than he was expected. Marseilles to Alexandria, a matter of 1800 miles, was flown in 13 hours, including halts at Rome, Brindisi and Athens. There were eight passengers on board and a ton of mail and freight. One consequence of the policy to send all Imperial mails by air will be a reduction in revenue for the shipping companies. So far, the long-distance lines have lost relatively few passengers, but this does not apply on short sea routes. Those to the Continent, for instance, have suffered very great losses. Thousands of people fly to Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Berlin—in fact, to anywhere in Europe where a regular air service exists. A ferry route, such as Cardiff to Weston-super-Mare, carried 15,000 passengers last season, all of whom were compelled to go by train or boat before the arrival of the aeroplane as a vehicle for safe transport. To the Channel Islands, the Isle of Man and the Isle of Wight, there are air services which will very soon monopolise passenger business.

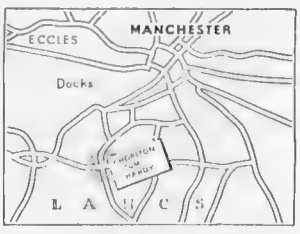
Renewing the Fleet

THERE is an actual shortage of air liners in the medium class—those carrying from ten to sixteen people. The industry as a whole is flat out on production for the R.A.F. De Havillands alone can supply this particular size in a type that has been well proved. The "Express" or de. H.86B., to give it the full title, can fly at 175 miles an hour, carrying twelve passengers on 800 horse-power. Those in the R.A.S. fleet have flown half a million miles—Imperials have carried 20,000 people in theirs—fifty are in use on world air routes, and their total mileage approaches five million. The 1937 model has been ordered in large numbers. Important changes at Portsmouth are enabling Airspeed to deliver Envoys in four weeks from receipt of order. Wings and tailplane are of "stressed skin." The Envoy carries six people with luggage at 200 miles an hour all out. Airspeed were the first to standardise a retractile under-carriage in this country, and they have recently had a substantial order from the Air Ministry for twin-engined trainers.

CHORLTON-CUM-HARDY

BUT TO

SHELL CUM LAUREL(S)



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"Sure! I think your dames are swell . . . . but what I really want to see is your M.G. cars"

One thing does peeve us. That is the casual way people say "Oh, racing . . . !" And dismiss it as though to come in first at Brooklands were like winning a sweepstake or doing the three-card trick. Actually M.G.'s record of successes in big races, road trials, competitions, means a deuce of a lot in the design of the M.G. car you buy today. Without M.G.'s racing background, the M.G. Two-Litre wouldn't be half the car it is. The new Midget Series 'T' wouldn't be half as good either. (And this applies to any other new M.G. models we may even now be contemplating.)

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Havas

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes: Last Year's Prize-Winners

Miss Bridget Newell and Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp, seen (centre) with the other prize-winners, are the holders of the trophies for the 1936 "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes. The first entry form for this year's competition, to be played at Birkdale on April 13th-16th, appears in this issue; entries close on March 24th

Birkdale, and Elsewhere

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

ON page xii is to be found the entry form for BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes, to be played at Birkdale on Tuesday, April 13th and following days. How many copies of that entry form will have reappeared in the office, filled in with names and handicaps, before the week is out, I rather tremble to think. Birkdale is such an extremely popular spot, that no doubt everybody will rush to send in their entries, since only the first 128 couples can be accepted. Though that sounds a big enough number it has, believe me, proved too small for Northern Foursomes before now at a club so popular as Birkdale.

Everybody came away from the English Championship of 1935 raving about the glorious course and the gorgeous clubhouse, and that in spite of the most ghastly weather that even oldest entrants could remember, and probably as many of the competitors as can raise the funds and arrange other fixtures will want to go there again, let alone all the long handicaps who were ineligible to do more than spectate on that occasion.

Birkdale, with that extraordinary generosity which everybody connects with their name, are allowing the National Playing Fields Association to be played over their course too, at the same time. It ought all to be extreme fun, and the special terms at Smedley's are worth studying too.

THIS will be the first time that Northern Foursomes have invaded the palatial new clubhouse, but the Birkdale Club has a long and historic connection with Northern Foursomes. In the very early 'twenties, they harboured the *Ladies' Field* competition of that name; in '23 the first BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes were played there; Lady Heathcoat-Amory (with an effort I remember not to call her Joyce Wethered) and Miss Chambers won there. Three years later, in the throes of the railway strike, we were there again, with a win for Mrs. Allan Macbeth and Mrs. Newton. Then, in '34, Miss Mary Johnson and Miss Barbara Lees won a mighty final at the nineteenth from Miss Jessie Anderson and Mrs. Barbour.

All of it very thrilling to look back on, just as this coming April is to look forward to. This wet winter is the sort to rejoice the heart of a seaside green-keeper, and I have a notion that the course will be so beautiful that even the management will hardly restrain an inclination to dash wildly from the receipt of custom and certificates and play round itself. That inclination always seizes me at Birkdale; what a mercy it is part of my undoubted duty to play round the day before.

I SUPPOSE it is high time that I did cast off winter ways and get busy playing again. I look at my clubs in a corner of the garage and imagine that if I lived right on a course

(Concluded on page vi)

Photograph by courtesy of "Autocar."

FOR THE
SECOND YEAR
IN SUCCESSION
WOLSELEY
awarded
GRAND PRIX d'HONNEUR
(Subject to official confirmation)

UMEA

For the Second Year in Succession a WOLSELEY car has been awarded the Premier Prize for Coachwork and Comfort in the Monte Carlo Rally—the coveted Grand Prix d'Honneur, only awarded when there is a car of exceptional merit.

And this, to a car—the 25 h.p. Wolseley Salon de Ville driven by S. C. H. Davis, the Sports Editor of "Autocar"—which had to battle 2,370 miles through the ice-bound roads of Europe from Umea, on the edge of the Arctic Circle—the most northerly starting point in the Rally, to the judging line at Monte Carlo, and yet reached there without the loss of a single mark.

What makes this achievement even more remarkable is the fact that the car is in every way a standard model as regards engine, coachwork and upholstery, and costs only £425!

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Wolseley cars are fitted with Dunlop tyres, Triplex glass and Jackall hydraulic jacks.

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NEW TATTOO

GIVES DEWY LIPS!

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Big moment . . . when you first make-up with the new Tattoo ! It's loaded with a new never-before lusciousness . . . dawn-dewiness that doesn't wear off as the day wears on ! Socialites are wearing it . . . their favourite Tattoo South Sea Island shade *plus* a sweet seventeen softness, youthfulness, invitingness ! Makes lips a cupid's bow ! Puckering and drying are out—the new Tattoo is in ! All those going-to-town Tattoo shades have their new Tattoo secret. Yes, madam . . . still *definitely* indelible !

THE NEW 'STAY-NEW'

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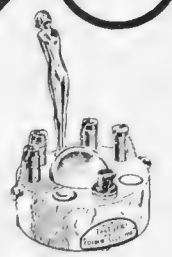
"HAWAIIAN" *is the newest, reddest red ! Vivid and impudently daring; yet so soft, sincere and warmly feminine.* Positively *won't turn purplish. More rapture-making with the new dewy Tattoo secret !*

"CORAL" *has on exciting orangish pink tint. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes.* Yes — dewy too !

"EXOTIC" *is a truly exotic new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it more effective than ever with the new never-before Tattoo dewiness.*

"NATURAL"—*a medium shade —is a true, rich, blood colour. An asset to any brunette— gives the new dewy beauty !*

"PASTEL" *is of the type that changes colour when applied to the lips. It gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warmth which blended with the new dawn-dew look is truly amazing !*



At this Tattoo Colour Selector on the better cosmetic counters everywhere you can actually test on your own skin all the Tattoo Shades with the new dewiness !

Birkdale, and Elsewhere *(Continued from page iv)*

I should be finding the days long enough for a hole or two, or at least a little one-club practice after tea. That is a good moment of the year, isn't it ? when, turning out round about five o'clock is no longer a dark and dismal affair, but full of the joy of spring, blackbirds singing, bluebell leaves and "lords-and-ladies" pushing up through the earth, and all the things happening that make even a journalist feel poetical—more or less.

People who live on a course seem so seldom to appreciate these things ; it is we Londoners who think of the wonderful golfers we should become if we had their opportunities. Perhaps we should. On the other hand, perhaps we should not. No doubt they consider that I, living in London, have perfect opportunity of knowing every inch of the Metropolis, and envy me all its wonders round my doorstep. But I shudder to think how ill I should fare in an examination on London, except on the quickest exits therefrom by car.

BUT if I have been idle in the golfing sense so far this season, not so those early birds, the County Second Teams. They are hard at it in the South-Eastern division, most of them taking advantage of Surrey's good fortune in the matter of dry courses to play that county, in that county, just now. Perhaps that is one reason why Surrey has been rather victorious so far, the last two matches being 5 to 2 wins for the side. But it would be silly to attach too much importance to form at this time of year, when nobody is in practice and so many are abroad, or still nursing something or other after wintersporting or 'flu. Presumably the very young stand the racket better than their elders, for one cannot help noticing that Girls' Championship stars are twinkling away in these matches.

Writing with the results of three of them before me, I find Miss Joan Mountford, who was runner-up to Nancy Jupp in 1934, winning for Kent ; Miss Peggy Falkner, the 1935 Girl Champion, for Surrey ; and Jacqueline Gordon, last year's runner-up, for Middlesex. Not very decisively, nor very high up in the case of the last two, but still, a win 's a win, and the great thing is that these players are getting experience.

Miss Betty Taylor will be the first county champion to defend her title in 1937. She holds it for Middlesex, and will have to fight for it at Hadley Wood on March 22nd

Let us hope that with experience they are also getting self-reliance, a grand result, as a rule, of county matches, whether for first or second teams.

A friend who loves to set me conundrums wants me to chat about that matter of self-reliance, which in her opinion is quite undermined by modern methods. So chat I will, but not this week, for the night is far spent and the page is full.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Address .....

.....

Henry Heath Ltd
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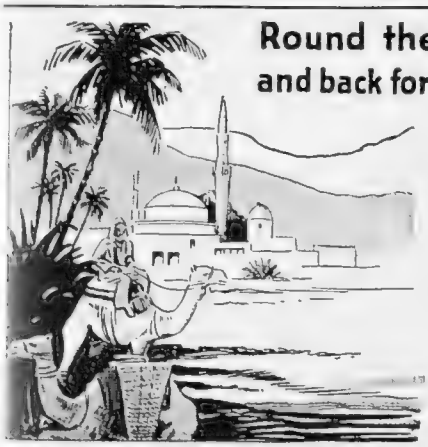
8548. Sports hat in finest fur felt in all fashionable colours, 21/- Agencies everywhere.



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Will London Traffic Become Unmanageable?

By The Earl of Cardigan

THOSE who do a lot of their driving in London, and have observed how, year by year, the volume of traffic increases, must often have wondered—perhaps in the enforced seclusion of a traffic hold-up—how London motorists of the future will ever get along at all.

This is a problem which is exercising a good many minds. I have just been studying an article, sent to me from an official source, the author of which can see but little hope for us unless the main streets of the Metropolitan area can be entirely redesigned and differently laid out. It is to be presumed that he would like them to be wider, and to intersect each other more conveniently.

The trouble is that, to give effect to such a notion, it would be necessary to tear down and reconstruct an enormous number of buildings. The cost of this would be appalling. Also, since the amount of ground space between one new street and another would be very much reduced, a further vast amount would have to be paid out to landlords by way of compensation. To do the job properly would involve ruinous expense.

My own idea is that, bad as the trouble is, and although it is tending to get worse, the future outlook is not quite so alarming as all that. We know that the number of cars in England has more than doubled during the last ten years. Will it double itself again in the next ten years? Personally, I believe not.

We must remember that, ten years ago, there were quite a number of people who did not possess cars, although they could well afford to do so. They thought that a car was too much trouble—that it could not be run without expert attention—that it could not be driven without considerable knowledge of mechanics—in short, that car ownership would hardly be worth while.

There are very few people of this sort remaining. To-day, almost everyone who can afford a car possesses one. There is very little " sales resistance " left.

Of course, the number of cars is still increasing. There is, at the moment, more money going about, and cars of useful size are continually being turned out more cheaply. It is probable, however, that, although we are still far from having reached it, we are gradually coming within sight of the saturation point.

It is significant that the very cheapest type of car is now almost stable in price. For some years past, the minimum

(Concluded on page x)

Luxury Golf Travel: the Wolseley Super Six

We've always wanted a Riley

We never said much about it to one another, but when things brightened up a bit we knew there'd only be ONE car for us. Lots of Riley owners "worked their way up" just like we have. In fact a motor paper said that "Riley ownership was something of a cult". Somehow a Riley makes motoring so much more interesting. I'll admit one disadvantage — one is inclined to tip the hall porter a little more lavishly. Snobbish, isn't it? But we can't help feeling a bit superior now we've joined the Riley circle

Riley Cars

Models: 9 h.p. (Tax £6 15 0) from £275. 12 h.p. (Tax £9 0 0) from £315. 15 h.p. (Tax £11 5 0) from £380. Every Riley has Pre-selecta-gear for easy gear change, an automatic clutch, the Lever-free front, inter-axle seating, Dunlop tyres, Triplex glass all round. Catalogue from Riley (Coventry) Limited, Coventry.

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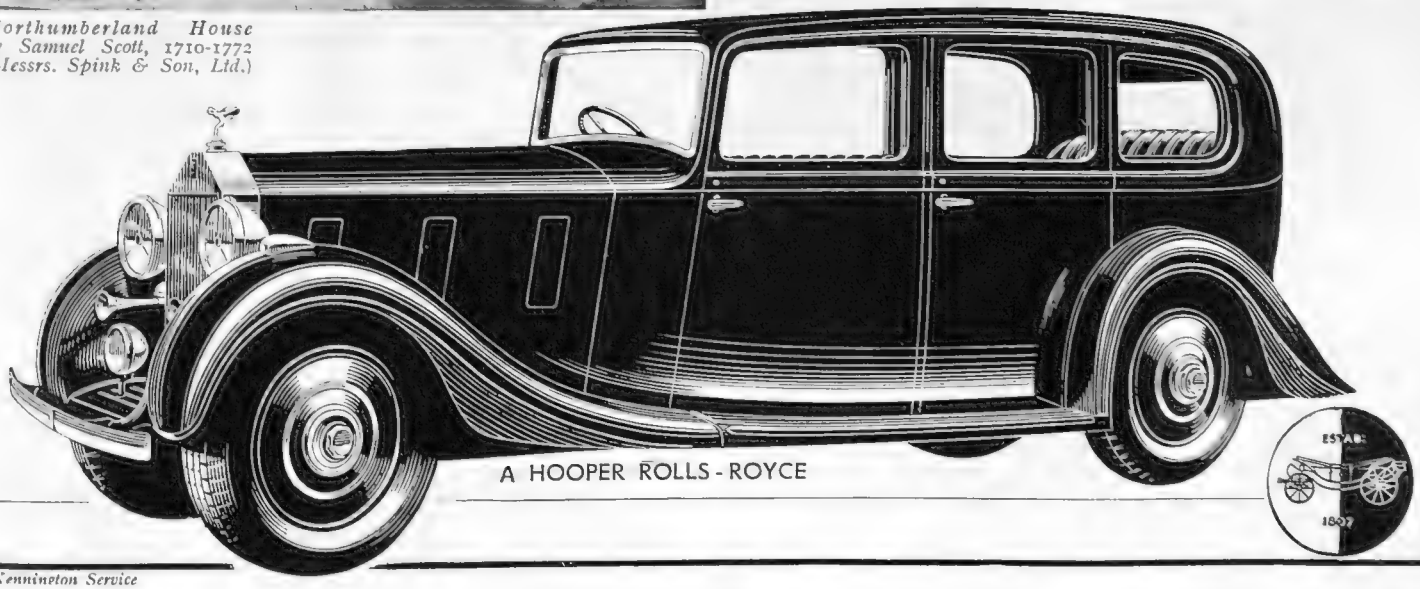

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The new 4½-litre The new 12 Cylinder

L. G Motors [Staines] Limited, Middlesex, England. Tel.: Staines 1122 (5 lines).

A Famous Car in a Famous Scene

In the background is Tarn Hows in the Coniston Fells, one of the Lake District's loveliest spots; in the foreground is one of the newest Austin "Sevens"

Will London Traffic Become Unmanageable?

(*Continued from page* viii)

outlay required to obtain a new car has been just about £100—and it seems scarcely possible that this figure can be substantially reduced.

It is, however, cold comfort to argue that the present congestion will not immediately get very much worse. Is there not some comprehensive scheme, less ruinous than the wholesale rebuilding of main streets, which will make London traffic conditions substantially better?

It seems to me that there is at least one scheme which will serve this purpose, besides adding greatly to the public safety. This consists in doing away with all pavements on main streets, and substituting raised footways, level with the first-floor windows of the shops. These footways would connect across the street at, say, 100-yard intervals by means of light bridges.

This idea, which is not original, does not seem to present any insuperable architectural difficulties. Existing buildings would not have to be greatly altered, except for buttresses (is that the right term?) to support the footway, and the provision of entrances at the level of the first storeys.

The streets would, of course, automatically become wider, in that vehicles would drive over the site of existing pavements. In many cases, this would permit of two more streams of traffic. The cost, although great, would not be prohibitive, whereas the advantage to Londoners, wishing to go about their business without unreasonable delays, would be real and permanent.

The Italian R.A.C.

A good many people are no doubt thinking of taking a motoring holiday on the Continent during the coming season, and with Spain in its present state of "unhealthiness," it is likely that an even larger proportion than usual will be inclined to pay a visit to Italy.

It is therefore worth knowing that the Italian Royal Automobile Club has established an office in London at No. 77, Regent Street. This should prove a very real asset, for naturally every sort of information will be available, both as to the many wonderful new roads which have been constructed throughout Italy, and also as to such important matters as rates of exchange, and the special facilities which are provided for visiting motorists.

The 16-h.p. Rover Sports Saloon

I hope it is not often that I make an obvious error when describing a car in these pages. I unfortunately did so, however, a fortnight ago, when I gave the price of a Rover car as £345.

The car in question was the 16-h.p. sports saloon, and I should have said £355. It is important that this should be corrected (with due apologies), as the £345 Rover is the standard saloon model—a slightly different proposition.

THE CORONATION RECORD NUMBER of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

will be on sale early in March—price Five Shillings

The Cover of the Coronation Record Number of "The Illustrated London News" is of rich blue, with an attractive leather finish surface, with border decoration based upon a rare Canevari binding of 1534 preserved in the British Museum. In the centre of the Cover of the Coronation Record Number there is a silver plaque, framed in gold, bearing portraits of Their Majesties King George VI and his consort, Queen Elizabeth. This Record Number will contain no fewer than

TWENTY MAGNIFICENT PLATES IN FULL COLOURS & FOUR IN PHOTOGRAVURE AND GOLD dealing with every side of the Empire's greatest ceremony.

As with previous Coronation Numbers issued by "The Illustrated London News," a special feature is the number of decorative borders, which in themselves are illustrations of the historical and artistic features of the Coronation. Many articles in the Record Number will tell its readers everything they want to know about the celebration of the Crowning of our King and Queen. These Articles are fully illustrated with appropriate portraits and other illustrations. In this Number, which is finer than any previously issued, there are

OVER 600 REPRODUCTIONS

consisting of interesting works by various artists and selected photographs of special interest to Britons all over the World.

It is anticipated that there will be a very heavy demand for this Coronation Record Number. In order to be certain of securing your copy it is advisable to place an order now with your regular newsagent or bookseller.

PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW

P149

Money For . . . (Continued from page 267)

"Why not? You can get away with anything if you 're cute enough. What 'd stop her? She could be a new person any time she wanted—dye her hair, lift her face—and if *she* could, then we could. For you and me it 's just too easy." She went on and on about it. In time she convinced me. Anyway, whether her ideas about the case were right or whether they were wrong, it didn't seem to make any difference. She 'd worked up something that looked fool-proof on the face of it.

I was crazy about her. I 'd never been crazy about anyone like I was crazy about her. I hated Hagger. I 'd only seen him once, that day in the shop down below. But she went on about him till I was pretty nearly ready to kill him, and swing, and be glad to swing. When it was all over we 'd decided to go abroad. I 'd always wanted to travel. We 'd go to South America. There was plenty of money there to be made with people who had money. And we 'd have plenty. Mae said about ten thousand. Maybe that 's not so much, but it seemed plenty.

When Hagger got to the top of the stairs I felt I couldn't go through with it. "Couldn't I just knock him out?" I whispered suddenly. She caught hold of my arm between finger and thumb and squeezed it fiercely. "Don't be a fool! What 's the sense? He 'd be alive next day and not all the gallows in Christendom 'd keep him from getting you somehow."

"Mae—I don't like it."

"You 've got to like it. Hit him, and go on hitting him."

"All right," I said, "I 'll hit him." My mouth was dry as blotting-paper, but the rest of me was slippery with sweat.

"Here he comes," she said.

The door opened and Hagger came in. He snapped on the light, walked to the centre of the room and stood there for a moment looking around. He seemed very big to me, and his head looked harder than iron. I watched him through the slit in the curtains. I knew I 'd do it then. I could smell Mae's hair very sweet beside me. She put a hand into mine and pressed it very softly. I 'd do anything for her. The idea of her with Hagger made me so angry that I wanted to rush out into the room there and then and let him have it.

He had an envelope in his hand with the day's takings in it. Before going to the safe he put it down on the table by the head of the bed and went over to the wash-basin. "God!" I prayed. "Let him hurry up!" Then I thought, stupidly: "He wants to go to the devil with nice clean hands."

I heard the tap running, then the sound of Hagger sluicing around. I thought he 'd never finish. At last he came back into the centre of the room. He 'd taken his coat off and was in his shirt with the sleeves rolled up. I thought the lead pipe would slide out of my hand, it was so slimy.

He started fussing about the room, looking for something or other, opening drawers and poking around in the wardrobe. Then he went to the door, opened it and called along the passage—"Susie! Susie—Susie, darling! Where 's my patent leathers? *Susie!*"

I felt my breath come in with a quick, dry gulp. I turned and looked at Mae. I couldn't see her face, but I guessed the way it was looking. "*Susie!*" bawled Hagger. I caught hold of her bare arm and drove my fingers into it. She winced. "*SUSIE!*" bawled Hagger again. "Susie Lamont, eh?" I whispered. She didn't say a word. Getting ready to do it all over again, if the fancy took her. And again? And again? And again?

Hagger was right in the middle of the room. Of course, there it was, large as life. That scar.

I swung out of the window and down the pipe right away. I heard her give a yell. But I was going, and I didn't stop going for a long, long time.

THE END.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes (15th Year)

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1937, will be held at Birkdale, Lancashire, by kind invitation, April 13th to April 16th. Also N.P.F.A. competition.

Holders: Miss Bridget Newell and Miss Cradock-Hartopp.

HOTELS

The "Bystander" headquarters will be the **Smedley Hydro Hotel, Southport.**

Special Terms:

14s. 6d. each per day, inclusive of all meals, after dinner coffee, and baths of all description.

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes N.P.F.A. Competition (6th Year)

Holder of Challenge Trophy: Miss Bonner Davis.

In conjunction with the Bystander Northern Foursomes, a Score Competition, open only to entrants for the Foursomes, and those on the waiting-list, will be held, by the courtesy of the Club, at Birkdale during the Foursomes, for the Challenge Trophy kindly presented by Mrs. Dunlop Hill. Half-a-crown entrance for the first card, 1s. for each subsequent card. The whole of these fees will be sent to the N.P.F.A.; 25% to the Lancashire branch if the total exceeds £10.

The Trophy will be given for the best card, singles, 18 holes under handicap, returned by a competitor who has been beaten prior to the semi-finals, or who entered for the Foursomes and was put on the waiting-list. A scratch prize will also be given.

Competitors may take out and return as many cards as they wish from Tuesday, April 13th, to Friday, April 16th, inclusive. Starting arrangements will be posted at the Club.

Play under certified L.G.U. handicaps. The first card taken out each day counts as an L.G.U. Open Meeting score for reduction of handicap, which will take effect for subsequent rounds, provided the competitor has not played over the course earlier in the day.

Ties to be decided on the last nine holes; further ties on the last six, last three, or as the Golf Editor and the Sec., Birkdale, may decide.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the Bystander reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Wednesday, March 24th.

In the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time of starting play if she notifies Miss Helme of the change in writing.

Alteration of handicap should also be notified at once.

The Bystander reserves the right to close the entry list before March 22nd should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples, and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners, and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

The Directors of the Bystander reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

BIRKDALE NO ENTRANCE FEE

THE "BYSTANDER" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Fifteenth Year)

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Wednesday, March 24th.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Birkdale, on April 13th, 1937, and following days.

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap* .....

Home Address .....

Telephone number .....

To play in the above handicap foursomes with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap* .....

Home Address .....

Telephone number .....

Please notify change of partner, handicap, or address in writing to Miss Helme, as above, or, after April 9th, to Smedley Hydro Hotel, Southport. Telegrams and Telephone: Helme, Southport 67007.

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London Nights

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret: A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

The Ritz

Arboreal Problem Only Aletto can calculate the seating accommodation under a tree, and it is a mystery how many people pack themselves into the shady groves of the Ritz these nights. Wednesday is the big night, when princes, diplomats, politicians, beauties, stage and film stars congregate by the score. Big parties occur every night of the week, and it is a rendezvous par excellence for bachelor and bridal parties on the eve of and after the wedding.

March Singer Lys Gauty had to leave to fulfil an engagement in Holland, but she will come back in June.
She sings to march music, that girl, in a way that would inspire an army as she thrilled us. That slim figure in a simple white dress, those tense movements and harsh, dramatic voice silenced the audience until they were in a sort of trance.

Too Much for a Lemon Russell Swann remains, and puts over the most popular conjuring turn since Giovanni turned out Mayfair's bulging or empty pockets.
One of his most diverting tricks is a collection of notes up to £20, which disappear into a lemon.
At the Waldorf in New York he once achieved as much as a thousand dollars, which wrecked his trick as the lemon could not take it!

In the Future Gipsy Nina was also in the cabaret until February 15th, when the Music Hall Boys took the stage until March 1st.
Hildegarde, a very popular Ritz "dish," is booked for the month of May and the Coronation.

Money for a Lemon, the Ritz and New York

Café de Paris

Balcony Club Few people except the astute M. Poulsen know just how much that balcony means to "the Café." It has become a sort of mixed club for smart young Mayfair. They move from table to table, laughing at their more pompously-minded friends down below.

The Dorchester

A NEW REVUE

"MIDNIGHT LAUGHTER"

"Swift & Sparkling" —MORNING POST

PEGGY HAMILTON
appearing in "Midnight Laughter"

STARRING
STEVE GERAY
MAGDA KUN
HOLLAND & HART
PHYLLIS STANLEY
THE 3 WIERE BROTHERS
THE DORCHESTER GIRLS

JACK JACKSON AND HIS BAND

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with a choice of wines
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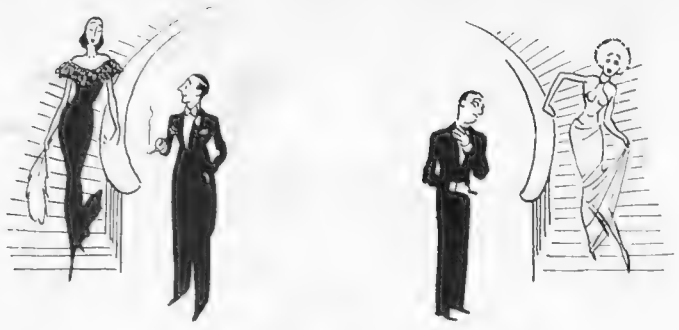
ALL DRINK SEAGERS GIN

THE GIN THAT'S BEST FOR YOU TO-DAY—& TO-MORROW



"Café" Entry, Right and Wrong

Either of those twin staircases, by the way, afford a well-dressed woman the best opportunity she will ever get of showing a brand-new dress to an admiring world.

Are You a Fan? Jimmy Savo has been an enormous success there. You are either a Savo fan or you aren't, for his methods of amusing an audience are full of quiet cunning and restraint very much to the liking of the Café audiences.

For the Future Lucienne Boyer has been captured for the Café and opened there on the 15th for five weeks. She is a great favourite, and more than deserves that almost-worn-out term, glamour.
Douglas Byng, who seems part and parcel of the Café itself, follows, to be succeeded during the hectic Coronation season by no less a star than Mr. Harry Richman. After that there are rumours that Beatrice Lillie may reappear, but the great success of her present show in New York may mean no escape for the "Queen Bee."

Grosvenor House

New Cabaret There's a new midnight show called *Paris-Londres*, which had its opening night last Thursday. It's on the same cosmopolitan lines as the last one, is presented again by Jacques-Charles, "the Ziegfeld of France," and still has the British Athos Follies as its backbone.

"League of Nations" Toto has come back from Paris to commère the show, and has made a whole film company postpone its departure to India for six weeks so that she could get over to London for this job.
The rest of this League of Nations consists of Tito Gonzalez, who sings for Spain; the Wray Sisters, who comedy-dance for America; Miller and Wilson, who do funny stuff for France (they were at the Folies Bergère last); Anita Martel, a juggling beauty who is English but is best-known in Paris.

No Crooner Sydney Lipton is back with his band again. He has been away having a nose-and-throat operation. But this was not, he swears, to turn him into a crooner.

For Peace-Lovers You don't, it's obvious, come here for a cheap, intimate dinner, but for a gay, probably expensive, evening. For more peaceful meals, there's the Grill, where, by the way, the American dishes are particularly good.

"A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody"
—So They Sing at Grosvenor House

★ ★ **Paris-Londres**

A NEW REVUE • Presented by Jacques-Charles

The cast includes

The Manginis — Miller & Wilson
Cecelia and Diana Wray — Miss Anita Martel
with Toto Loiret and the Tenor, Tito Gonzales
and
The Percy Athos Follies
with
Miss Jean Rai
Miss Odette Athos — Miss Marjorie Karr
and
The Young Ladies of Mayfair

The Grosvenor House Dance Band *directed by* SYDNEY LIPTON

GROSVENOR HOUSE

PARK LANE W.1 • TELEPHONE GROSVENOR 6363

She Took the Wrong Door at the Dorchester

The Dorchester

Broken Records At the Dorchester *Midnight Laughter* goes on till the end of the month. It has been, and is still being, a brilliant success. In fact, it has beaten all the Dorchester's own records for their previous floor-shows. Which is saying a good deal when you remember the heyday of "Les Girls."

New Stars The only change in the stars is that Holland and Hart have come in as the dancing pair. One can't tire of them. They must be the best ball-room dancing couple now appearing this side of the Atlantic.

Old Friends The Wiere Brothers are still here. If you haven't seen them, you *must*. They have evolved the neatest, wittiest style of knockabout we've ever seen.
Magda Kun and Steve Geray are here, too, long-legged Phyllis Stanley, and the Dorchester Girls.

For Women Only To change the going-out angle to the morning after or the afternoon before, do you know about the Turkish bath department? It's for women only, is extremely luxurious and not too expensive, and if you want to give your whole day to getting ready for the evening or recovering from last night, there's hairdressing, beauty treatment, and (we think) a gymnasium all there as well. Open, as they say, to non-residents.

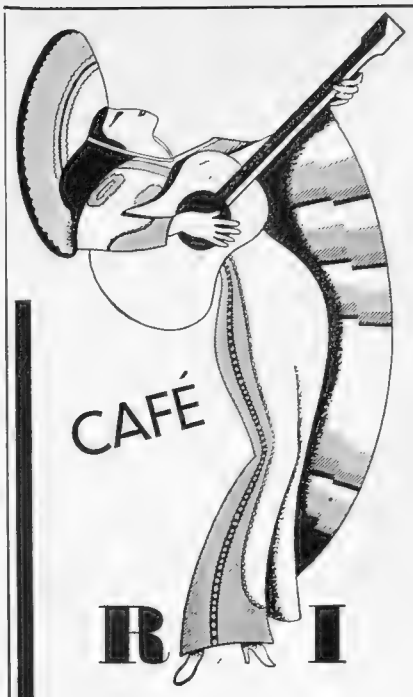
San Marco

Simple Musician As a combination of the life simple and sophisticated take Ben Oakley, whose band is not the least of the attractions here.
He lives in a caravan at Barnet and spends his days when not rehearsing new harvest-slide music in felling trees.

About the Cabaret Oliver Wakefield, of incoherent patter fame, returned to the cabaret on February 15th, followed early in March by Marianne Davis, whose deep voice and engaging personality have endeared her to West End audiences. It was a stroke of genius on the part of Captain Gordon Halsey to capture Indefatigable Charlie, that nice Austrian fellow, for the San Marco. He opens in March for a whole month, followed swiftly by Dwight Fiske for two months.
You all know the latter and his wicked witticism, and you will remember Charlie's long success compering and singing at the Ritz.

Making Discoveries We confess quite honestly to an affection for doing everything not only once, but first. We like a play on its first night, a book before its publication, and even the star-mad multitudes don't prevent us from enjoying a film premiere.

San Marco Band-Leader's Delight



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"A SYMPHONY ON TWO PIANOS"

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AND SUPPER TO
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AN INDISPENSABLE PART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL.
We recommend the Isle of Skye Cocktail—⅓rd each Lemon Juice, Drambuie, Gin.

That 's why we find such enormous amusement in Captain Gordon Halsey's new way of discovering talent at the Amateur Hour every Thursday evening.
One of those nervous amateurs who approach the "mike" with such temerity may be a big noise one day, and we shall get a thrill in remembering the occasion of his or her discovery.

The May Fair

Outposts of Empire

Billy Bissett has succeeded in succeeding—and it 's no mean success—Ambrose and Harry Roy. With his music, the May Fair is still one of the nicest places in London from the dancing point of view.
He and his "boys" are Canadians, were at the Savoy for a short time, and are unique in being an Empire band.

Request Card Delivery at the May Fair

Request Tunes

On every table is a card for you to write the names of your favourite tunes and send them up to Mr. Bissett as requests.
This pleases you and makes his programme-building easy. All the same, he wouldn't play "The Love Parade" the other night. Too old ?

Cabaret News

Since Monday, Vic Oliver is back here again.
There 's a new and lovely girl called Mary Hollis making her first appearance in England. She 's described as "America's dancing sweetheart," is also officially rated as the States' No. 1 acrobatic dancer. That gives you a line on her.

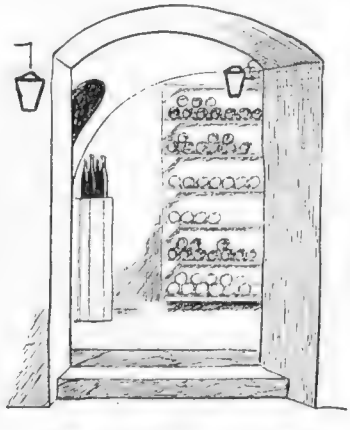
Piano Genius

The third turn is Rawicz and Landauer's piano-playing. They come on from the Adelphi, where they are having a cracking success in the Cochran revue.
The story goes they started their partnership in a Turkish bath : one whistled a tune, heard the other in the next cubicle respond with a perfect whistled harmony ; they both peered out, made a date with two pianos for that evening, and that was that.

Quinto's

First Impressions

If first impressions count for anything, then Quinto's is lucky, for as you arrive at Arlington House for lunch you are confronted by a delightful view of the Green Park "framed" in a large glass panel like a picture.



The Cellars at Quinto's are Famous

Intimate Atmosphere

The long, unusually-shaped room with its big bow window at one end has a quiet distinction of its own and the intimate atmosphere usually so hard to achieve.
The lighting is flattering and unobtrusive and the walls are not littered with frescoes or other disturbing decorations. In fact, it 's a heavenly place for a long, peaceful lunch or dinner ; the kind where you sit and sit and talk and talk and forget time and the existence of snack-bars.
The only distraction is the other people — not because they are noisy, but because they are always rather amusing.

Eating a Rite Eating at Quinto's is almost a rite, and it is best to have a conference with Victor whilst having cocktails beforehand.
High spots on the menu are the coq au vin avec nouilles and scampi specially flown over from Venice. The plats du jour are as varied as they are good.
Having decided, you can turn over the long menu card and find a picture of some sunny spot near Monte Carlo where the original Quinto's is.

Famous Cellars The cellars at Quinto's are world-famous and deservedly so, and every bottle in them is specially brought over from France.
M. Victor, who owns the restaurant, has the keenest appreciation and understanding of good wines, and whatever your taste may be you are sure to find the perfect expression of it here. And you can talk about it as long as you like before you decide.

Luigi's Grill

Tiara or Tweeds Luigi's is one of those small places that are easy to go to : small, very comfortable, informal enough to accept you in your country clothes and yet perfectly able to supply a supporting background for your tiara.
The stylised flower decorations in brackets on the walls are charming, especially now that they are being done with spring flowers.

Food Note The food recommendation of the month is rable de lièvre pressé, " squashed " hare, as Luigi calls it, with a perfect sauce.
You can get quenelles de brochet here beautifully cooked ; it 's a dish that is more and more asked for in London.
You may or may not know that the fish it 's made of is pike. If you didn't know that you 'll be surprised at the delicacy of flavour and texture.

Luigi's Kitchens Are Worth Seeing

Kitchen Influence The King's chef has been in recently to inspect the kitchens. Apparently new kitchen arrangements are being made at Buckingham Palace, and as Luigi's kitchens are among the most modern in London, Jermyn Street may have some influence on the preparing of the Royal meals.

For Future Reference The snack-bar—it was called the Friary—is shut at the moment. It is being redecorated and will re-open a little later on.

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The New Clarges

Theatrical Comparison You know those plays that get quite satisfactory reviews, are ignored by the newshounds, make no particular bid for publicity but run for three years, and you suddenly find everyone you know has been, probably more than once, and you can't think why no one has taken you ?
Well, that, translated into restaurant, is the New Clarges.

Binaco of the New Clarges

Possible Neighbours People like Merle Oberon know it, and Ruth Chatterton, and G. B. Stern, and visiting royalties, and English county families, and young men who like good food and not too big a bill.

About Binaco Binaco, who manages the restaurant, has been here for ten years and in England for twenty-two, but he still speaks English diffidently. But then, he 's altogether more retiring than most restaurateurs, a modest and charming man. He comes from Segni, near Rome, and went as a boy to work at Vagliani's, the famous " buffet de la gare " in Rome. Later he spent his winters under the great Ciro at Monte Carlo and his summers at various European resorts, and then came to England when Rizzi opened Ciro's Club during the war. He was manager of the restaurant there from 1920 to 1926, which introduced him to everyone in London.

High Standard Where food is concerned, Binaco is a " classicist." For example, canard sauvage à la presse as done here is in the great tradition, and a little different to any other version in London.

Le Bon Viveur

Book a Table The Club's membership quietly grows and grows ; the restaurant, thank goodness, remains its small, friendly self, and the only times you can be *sure* of getting a table are around twelve-thirty for lunch, seven-thirty for dinner, or ten-thirty for supper.
Which means to say that if you want to eat at the normal times, you 'd better ring up first.

Three Ways of Being a Bon Viveur

Otherwise you may not even get an emergency table in the bar, which is the last hope for late-comers.

Food Notes Pineroso, the chef who was here when the Club opened and made its name, has been back some months.
The food has always been of supreme excellence. That 's the rock-bottom reason for the Bon Viveur's success. Vegetables and fruit must have a special mention. A good many of them have their seasonal " premiere " here.

Wine Reminder It 's good to see that Corton Blanc remains in the new wine list. It is a delightful wine, and not as well-known as you might expect.

Another Kind of Club Mrs. Dudley Ward, who lunches and dines very often at the Bon Viveur, has made Davico into a firm supporter of her Four Feathers Clubs.
The other evening he had just been to see the one in Marylebone, and was full of enthusiasm, as a club manager himself, for the way it is run and the marvellous work done.

The Blue Room

You Needn't Dress There are fewer places than there used to be where you can dance in day clothes. The Blue Room is one.
The dance band also plays during dinner. It 's a nice band (Fiorenti's Gauchos) ; very quiet, and gets a good rhythm.

Headman Boscasso (in Italy he is Cav. Boscasso) is in charge. You may remember him at Romano's, where he was manager for three years, or at the Carlton or the Savoy. Or, if travel has broadened your mind, on the Majestic ; he ran that ship's French restaurant for twelve years, and never missed a trip.

Chefs The chef, Mariani, is also a sea-faring man. He used to be on the Empress of Britain, left her before her world cruise as his family couldn't spare him so long. Russian specialities are dealt with by the Russian chef who was here when the restaurant was the Cossack.

Temple Bar When you come here, you must look at the American bar. It 's not very American in decoration, as it 's still got the excellent panelling and the zodiacal ceiling from the days when it was a masonic temple. The Duke of Windsor was initiated, or whatever masons are, in 1919 in this very place.

The Blue Room Manager and Chef Are Sea-Faring Men (But They Don't Look Like This)

For Reference Remember—that you can lunch here as well as dine and sup ; that extension night is Thursday ; that there is always a cabaret ; that on Sundays the restaurant is closed.

E. L

M. Rossignol of Quaglino's *Lenare*

M. Rossignol, one of the most famous chefs in Europe (and one of the most handsome), came to Quaglino's last autumn, succeeding Maître Louis, who is now general buyer for Quaglino's and the Aperitif. M. Rossignol, who has the coveted Cordon Bleu, has been at the Grand Hotel, Rome ; the Casino Municipal, Cannes ; and the Hotel de Paris, Monte Carlo

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

February 17 — February 23

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson is the amazing doctor mixed up with some amusing crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

AS YOU LIKE IT.—Edith Evans in her Old Vic part of Rosalind comes West: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

BECAUSE WE MUST.—Sombre subject is well treated, with Vivien Leigh in tangled love-affairs, Ann Casson and Anne Firth also involved: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CANDIDA.—Ann Harding in the name-part of this Shaw revival, with Nicholas Hannen, Athene Seyler, Stephen Haggard; Irene Hentschel's production: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CHARLES THE KING.—The impressive historical with Barry Jones and Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies is now at the Cambridge, 8.30 (not Mon.). Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HAMLET.—Simple, strong production by Tyrone Guthrie with Laurence Olivier's splendid active Prince; the play in its entirety: Old Vic, 7. Sat., 1.30.

HEART'S CONTENT.—Slight if satisfactory plot for Diana Wynyard's polished emotional experiences, opposite Louis Borell: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JANE EYRE.—Completely satisfying adaptation of the Brontë novel with Curigwen Lewis as Jane and Reginald Tate as Rochester: Aldwych, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.—Alec Clunes, C. M. Hallard and Lesley Wareing in a revival of Holfcroft's 1792 play: Ambassadors, 8.30 (not Mon.). Tues., Fri., Sat., 2.30.

UNCLE VANYA.—Chekhov is splendidly staged and shouldn't be missed; Harcourt Williams as Vanya, Lydia Sherwood as Elena, Cecil Trouncer as the doctor: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

ALL FOR LAUGHTER.—Robitschek's new all-in-one show: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

BALALAIKA.—White Russian plot is strong for a musical comedy, spectacle is splendid, music poor; Muriel Angelus and Roger Treville lead, Clifford Mollison in support: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.15.

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello heads his own vast, romantic show, with Walter Crisham and Zena Dare and huge chorus: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOME AND BEAUTY.—Mostly good, Cochran's ponderous Coronation revue has Nelson Keys, Binnie Hale and Gitta Alpar on top of their respective forms: Adelphi, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

O-KAY FOR SOUND.—Riotous revue with plenty of knockabout humour by Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox: Palladium, 6.20 and 9.

ON YOUR TOES.—Cheerful, catchy strong musical comedy, ordinary but well done; Jack Whiting, Gina Malo, Olive Blakeney: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

OVER SHE GOES.—Slap-stick to music, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff and Adèle Dixon to make it go: Saville, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 88.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

SWING ALONG.—Louise Browne, Leslie Henson, Fred Emney and Zelma O'Neal in a musical as funny as *Seeing Stars*; Henson especially in great form: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS 'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE.—Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, and a gaily-coloured chorus lead a no-plot musical with success: Daly's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—Pokes gay but gentle satire at Victoriana; Joyce Barbour, Gertrude Musgrove, and George Benson best of a good cast: Garrick, 8.30 (not Mon.). Tues., Fri., 2.30.

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Mirth and Mystery

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's amusing long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE ASTONISHED OSTRICH.—Basil Radford, Wanda Rotha and Mackenzie Ward in a farcical comedy of chance: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BEHIND YOUR BACK.—Mary Glynne, Marjorie Mars and Esmé Percy head the cast in Charles Landstone's comedy: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Involves a body in Lord Peter Wimsey's and Harriet's honeymoon house (Dennis Arundell and Veronica Turleigh): Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

CINDERELLA.—Edna Best gives the old part some new turns, Madge Elliott is a charming Prince, and Douglas Wakefield and Billy Nelson whip along the jokes in this magnificent production: Coliseum, 2 and 7.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Jessica Tandy and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Big-size thriller, generous in cast and effects; Gordon Harker and Jack Hawkins lead; well entrenched at the Prince's: 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's hyper-romantic school play, with Frederick Leister in the name-part, J. H. Roberts, and Joan White: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

MOTHER GOOSE.—High finance on and off the gold standard is its theme, with George Lacy as the matriarch, Florence Desmond as principal boy, and ballets by Markova and Dolin: Hippodrome, 8. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.

PUSS IN BOOTS.—Clarkson Rose (dame), Jack Barty (comedian), the O'Gorman Brothers, Marjorie Sandford and Polly Ward (principal boy and girl) keep this typical pantomime well up to scratch: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

SUSPECT.—Mary Morris, a new American actress, leads in this crook play without crooks: St. Martin's, 8.30.

First Nights

WISE TO-MORROW.—Nora Swinburne, Martita Hunt, Diana Churchill, and Olga Lindo in Stephen Powys' comedy: Lyric, to-night, 17th

BIG BUSINESS.—Jack Waller's new musical with all the old gang—Howes, Watson, Pearce, and Belmore: Hippodrome, Thurs., 18th.

TWELFTH NIGHT.—Laurence Olivier goes from Hamlet to Toby Belch, Jessica Tandy and Ivy St. Helier in support in Guthrie's production: Old Vic, Tues., 23rd.

CINEMAS

BELOVED ENEMY (British).—Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne in a post-war Irish story not up to *The Informer* standard: Leicester Square.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE (American).—C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre; handsome Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland lead: Carlton.

DREAMING LIPS (British).—Emotional high-jinks by Bergner with Massey as the temperamentvoll violinist and Romney Brent as the husband: London Pavilion.

GOOD MORNING, BOYS! (British).—Will Hay's newest is well up to standard for those who like him, with Lilli Palmer as an added attraction: Tivoli.

THE GREAT BARRIER (British).—Richard Arlen pushes a railway through the Rockies and saves Antoinette Cellier's life, despite murderous riots and Lilli Palmer's very decided charms: Gaumont.

THE GREAT ZIEGFELD (American).—William Powell, Loy and Rainer in the biographical orgy: Dominion.

HARVEST (Austrian).—Paula Wessely's latest is set in Hungary; a simple, charming story with Attila Horbiger and Gina Falckenberg: Academy.

LA KERMESSE HÉROÏQUE (French).—A film gem, consistent and convincing throughout; Françoise Rosay and Jean Murat: Studio One.

LOVE ON THE RUN (American).—Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in an utterly undistinguished film: Empire.

MAZURKA (Austrian).—Pola Negri's new film, directed by Forst, with a coming star, Ingaborg Theek; well up to Forst standard: Curzon.

LOVE FROM A STRANGER (British).—Basil Rathbone and Ann Harding's well-acted thriller moves to the Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE PLAINSMAN (American).—Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur together again in de Mille's big frontier saga of pioneer days: Plaza.

THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS (American).—Sean O'Casey adapted this Easter Rebellion play, which has Abbey Theatre players, Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster as dram. pers.: Regal.

TALK OF THE DEVIL (American).—Good, complicated plot with Sally Eilers, Ricardo Cortez and Randle Ayrton: New Gallery.

THIS 'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE (British).—The excellent picture from Jack Buchanan's recent play comes to the Empire on Friday.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

THE BARBER OF SEVILLE.—To-night, 17th, 8.

BORIS GODUNOV.—Thurs., 18th, 7.45.

AÏDA.—Sat., 20th, 2.30.

FAUST.—Sat., 20th, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

LES RENDEZVOUS, LES PATINEURS, LE LAC DES CYGNES, ACT II.—Fri., 19th, 8.30.

THE GODS GO A-BEGGING, NOCTURNE, LES PATINEURS.—Tues., 23rd, 8.30.

BALLET RAMBERT.—Three weeks' season under Marie Rambert's direction at the Duchess, 8.40.

AGNES DE MILLE.—Postponed recital by the American dancer-diseuse.—Mercury, to-night, 17th, 8.45.

MUSIC

Orchestral and Choral

B.B.C. CONCERT.—Boult conducts with Szigeti in Prokofiev's violin concerto; also Purcell, Stravinsky, Bax: Queen's Hall, to-night, 17th, 8.15.

QUEEN'S HALL SUNDAY CONCERT.—Wood conducts: *Barber of Seville* overture, Tchaikowsky's E minor symphony, Introduction to Act III. from *Lohengrin*: Sun., 21st, 3.30.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—Programme to be announced: Covent Garden, Sun., 21st, 3.15.

THE KING OF GLORY.—Fairbairn's pageant of the Passion: Albert Hall, 8. Sats., 2.30.

L.P.O.—Sargent conducts, Helmann is the soloist in piano concertos by Schumann (A minor) and Rachmaninov (D minor): Queen's Hall, Tues., 23rd, 8.15.

Recitals

CHALIAPINE.—Only appearance this season, in aid of the N.C. for the Distressed Areas: Covent Garden. Thurs., 18th, 8.30.

LÉNER QUARTET.—Last of six Beethoven recitals Grotrian Hall, Sat., 20th, 3.

MOISEIWITCH.—Chopin recital at the Palladium, Sun. 21st, 3.15.

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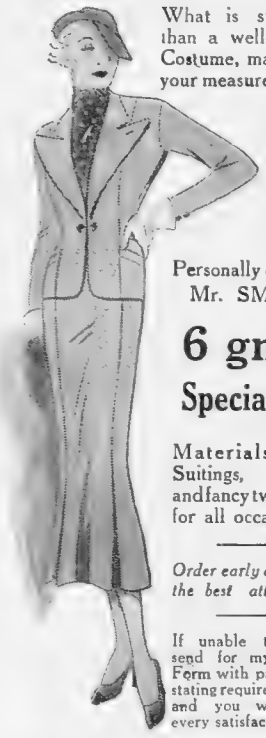

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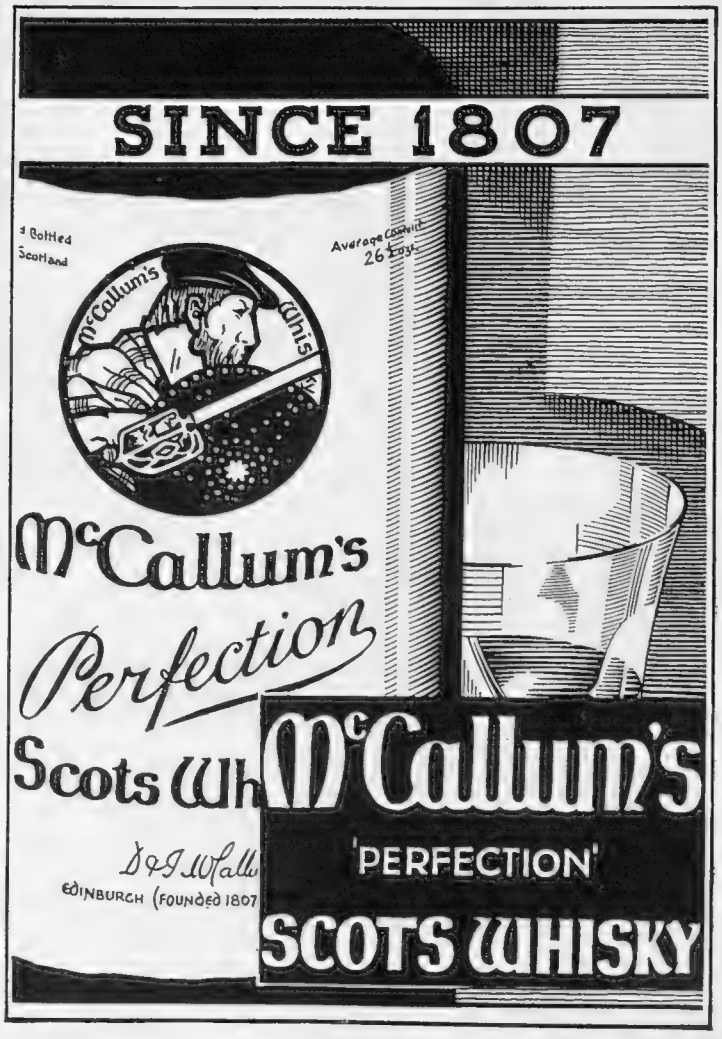

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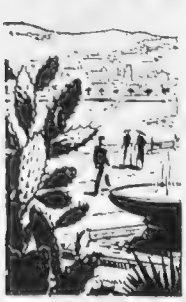

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THE smart thing to do is to wear one of these attractive—and altogether entrancing—House Wraps in place of the old Dressing Gown. They serve the same purpose yet are appropriate for wearing in the home on many accasions. For Breakfast, Afternoons, and Informal Evenings they are Ideal. Marshall & Snelgrove introduce these new garments at most inexpensive prices.

TAILORED House Wrap, in spotted tie silk (pure silk, not artificial). Ideal Coat for travelling and cruising. Colours: Navy/white, wine/white, nigger/white, black/white, green/white, dark saxe/white 25/9

USEFUL warm House Wrap in pure wool, delightfully light in weight, with the new wide pleated shoulder trimmed with satin to match cord girdle and pocket, with good wrap. Colours: Green, wine, saxe, red 35/9

Sent on approval.

** Our White Sale is now in progress. Write for catalogue.*

Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Hay Wrightson

Olivia Hawkshaw

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. Oliver Hawkshaw, of Chisenbury Priory, near Marlborough, and is engaged to Michael Justin Creswell, H.M. Diplomatic Service, son of the late Col. E. W. Creswell and Mrs. Creswell, of Copse Hill, Ewhurst, Surrey

Lenare

Monica Buxton

Is the daughter of the late E. G. Buxton, of Catton Hall, Norfolk, and Mrs. Buxton, of Horringer Court, Bury St. Edmunds, and is engaged to Robert Henry Calvert, younger son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. C. A. Calvert, of Broomells, Beare Green, Surrey

Tunbridge

Biddy Percy Pitt

Is the daughter of Mrs. Percy Pitt, of 376, Cavendish Square, W.1, and has announced her engagement to Cyril Hughes, son of Major and Mrs. F. Cresswell Hughes, of Four Oaks, Warwickshire

Catherine Bell

Delia Currie

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alastair Currie, of 6, Durham Villas, Kensington, and is engaged to John Martine Munro Kerr, only son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Munro Kerr, of 2, Buckingham Street, Glasgow, W.

Bassano

Mary Grieve

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Grieve, of Monk Seaton, Northumberland, and is engaged to Rex Edward Hamilton Robinson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Robinson, of Horley, Surrey

Kay Vaughan

Gundred Cunliffe

Is the only child of the late Capt. W. N. Cunliffe and Mrs. Cunliffe, of Thurston Planche, Bury St. Edmunds, and is engaged to Mervyn Fraser, youngest son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Herbert Charles Fraser

Catherine Bell

Joyce Gadsden

Joyce Sybil Adelaide Gadsden, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gadsden, of Southlands Manor, Denham, Bucks., is engaged to Gilbert Francis Armitage, elder son of the late F. C. Armitage and Mrs. Armitage, of Elm Tree Cottage, Farnham Common, Bucks.

Lenare

Nora Margaret Forman

Is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Forman, of Lodden Court, Spencers Wood, Reading; she is engaged to Godfrey Victor Ralli, elder son of Sir Strati and Lady Ralli, of Beaurespaire Park, Basingstoke

Rachel Rothenstein

Is the elder daughter of Sir William and Lady Rothenstein, of 11, Highpoint, Highgate, and Far Oakridge, Stroud, and is engaged to Alan Bassett Ward, second son of the late T. W. Ward and Mrs. Ward, of Endcliffe Vale House, Sheffield

Catherine Bell

Jean Melville Hutchison

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Hutchison, of Southcote Lodge, Camberley, and is engaged to Ronald Herbert Wood, 4th Bombay Grenadiers, elder son of the Rev. H. W. and Mrs. Wood, of The Rectory, Walpole St. Peter, Norfolk

Vandyk

Aline Bird

Is the elder daughter of Maj.-General Sir W. D. and Lady Bird, of Glenturf, Camberley; she is engaged to Jan Alecson Delap, younger son of the late Canon Delap and Mrs. Delap, of Ray, Co. Donegal

Catherine Bell

Rosemary Hewett

Is the elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. P. Hewett, of Pixham Mill House, Dorking, Surrey; she is engaged to John Wolseley Haig, Sudan Political Service, second son of Sir Harry and Lady Haig, of Government House, Lucknow

Clayton — Goddard

Archibald Clayton, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Clayton, of Holmwood, Sunningdale, and Prue Goddard, youngest daughter of Mr. Justice Goddard and the late Mrs. Goddard, of 72, Oakwood Court, W.14, were married at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street

Yorke — Wilson

Michael Maulger Yorke, youngest son of the late John Cecil Yorke and Mrs. Yorke, of Vicarage Court, Church Street, Chelsea, married Agnes Mary Wilson, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Wilson, of Sharrow Knoll, Sheffield

Charlesworth — Byron

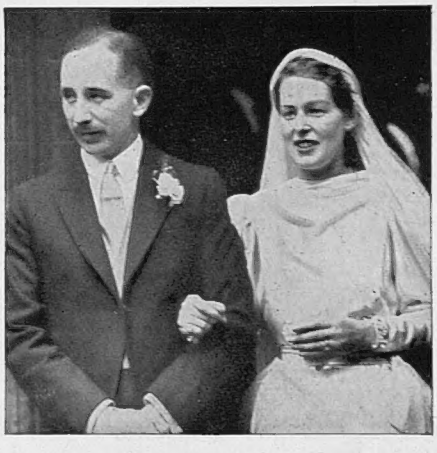
At St. Clement Danes, Percy Charlesworth, son of the late J. E. Charlesworth and Mrs. Charlesworth, of 1, North End House, W.14, married Anne Byron, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Byron, of Overton, near Marlborough

Hull — Strange

Leslie Hull, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. E. C. P. Hull, of Park Gate House, Richmond, and Pamela Strange, only daughter of Major and Mrs. F. G. Strange, of Aldermaston, Berkshire, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Gordon-Smith — Morris

Lt. Russell Claude Gordon-Smith, R.N., elder son of Vice-Adm. and Mrs. Gordon-Smith, of Westbourne House, Westbourne, Sussex, and Anne Morris, only daughter of Capt. J. A. A. Morris, R.N., and Mrs. Morris, of The Hut, Emsworth, Hants., were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Skinner — Bullock

Flight-Lieut. Clifford Skinner, youngest son of the late F. G. Skinner and Mrs. Skinner, of Bedford, and Jane Bullock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Bullock, of Waltham Abbey, Essex, were married at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington

Howard — Laski

John Howard, of Regent's Park, N.W., married Esther Pearl Laski at the British Consulate in Paris. She is the elder daughter of Mr. Neville Laski, K.C., of 2, Mitre Court Buildings, Temple, and Mrs. Laski

Hinde — Williams

Sidney Hinde, eldest son of Col. Hinde, R.A.M.C., of Pietermaritzburg, Natal, married Freda Williams at Llanallgo Church; she is the daughter of the late Sir William Williams, Bt., and Mildred Lady Williams, of Bodrlwyddan Castle, Flintshire

du Val de Beaulieu — Loebl

The Comte du Val de Beaulieu, of Château de Cambron, Cambron-Casteau, Hainault, Belgium, and Thomasine Loebl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Loebl, of Chenies House, Chenies, Bucks., were married at Brompton Oratory

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"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men

The Fifth Annual Open Amateur Tournament under handicap, for the "Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes, will be played at

FELIXSTOWE

on March 20th and 21st, 1937

(Headquarters: The Felix Hotel)

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Holder: S. H. R. Hornby (Burnham & Berrow G. C.).

• Conditions

Play will be for the BYSTANDER £500 Trophy and other prizes.

Every competitor will play a medal round on Saturday morning, March 20th.

When cards have been returned the competitors will be divided into sections of eight players each.

The best two returns from the first quarter of the draw, the best two returns from the second quarter of the draw, and the best four returns from the bottom half of the draw will constitute the Trophy eight, and the players returning these cards will compete for the Trophy by match play under handicap.

The first rounds will be played on the Saturday afternoon and the semi-finals and finals on the Sunday.

The remaining eights will be constituted and play in a similar manner to the Trophy eight.

Ties will be decided on the last nine holes, and if there is still a tie the eighteenth hole shall decide; and failing that, the seventeenth, sixteenth, etc.

Every competitor must qualify in some section or other, and is assured of a full day's play on the Saturday. Moreover, half the original entry will be engaged in the competition proper on the Sunday, and there will be a Bogey Competition for those who have been defeated on the Saturday.

A copy of the draw for the medal round on Saturday, March 20th will be posted to each competitor by March 14th.

All disputes will be decided by the Committee in charge of the competition, and its decision shall be final.

Rule 35 of the Rules of Golf does not apply to this competition.

• Railway and Hotel Arrangements for the Week-End

The L.N.E.R. will issue to competitors staying at the Felix Hotel combined rail and hotel week-end tickets (Friday to Monday) by any train from Liverpool Street, and also from Bishop's Stortford, Bury St. Edmunds, Cambridge, Chelmsford, Newmarket and Norwich, at the inclusive price of £4 2s.

This ticket includes first-class return railway journey, dinner on the train or at the hotel on Friday, full board at the Felix Hotel on the Saturday and Sunday, with the alternative of lunch at the club-house, breakfast at the hotel or on the train on Monday morning, green fees, free use of the hard tennis or squash courts, free conveyance of luggage between the station and the hotel.

Competitors not taking advantage of the inclusive ticket will be required to pay green fees.

• Entries

Entries are now being accepted, and should be sent on the entry form published herewith to the **Golf Editor, The BYSTANDER, Kingshill, Sunningdale.**

Competitors must play off their lowest club handicap.

Any competitor whose handicap is altered after he has forwarded his entry must notify the Golf Editor of the BYSTANDER at the Felix Hotel by noon on March 19th.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to refuse an entry without giving any reason whatsoever for so doing.

ENTRY FORM • No Entrance Fee

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

To be played at Felixstowe on Saturday, March 20th and Sunday, March 21st

IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Surname..... Initials.....

Club..... Lowest Handicap.....

Address .....

.....

Telephone No.....

I shall be playing with.....in the qualifying round.

I require a partner for the qualifying round.
(*Strike out one of these.*)

There is no entrance fee. I enclose a handicap certificate.

(*Signed*).....

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